JOHN BULL, MARCH 14, 1936
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1291.
Vol. XLIX.

GET STRONGER
ON THE
STRENGTH
OF
BOVRIL

Remember, Bovril strengthens the defensive forces of the body against colds, chills and influenza.

RUPTURE

ASTOUNDING OFFER Single 10/6 Double 14/6

Do Your Own Repairs.

ELASTIC TRUSSES AND APPLIANCES
Any style or type.

The New 'Completette' Air Pads unobtainable.

Best quality Elastic Webbings and Spare Parts supplied for any kind of Elastic Truss. Money returned if not satisfied.

FREE TRUSSES for National Health Insured persons. Send for Illustrated Price List and measurement form, post free.

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'Phone: Bat 4247.

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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

I Guarantee your Satisfaction

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We manufacture Sectional Buildings for every purpose. Our Art Catalogue will assist you in finding the one you require. 16's FREE.

WHATEVERBOARD GARAGES from £6.
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10 ft. x 7 ft. x 6 ft. x 8 ft.
GARDEN SHEDS from £3 7s. 6d.
6 ft. x 4 ft. x 5 ft. x 6 ft. Floor extra.
BUNGALOWS, POULTRY HOUSES, ETC.
Easy terms if desired.
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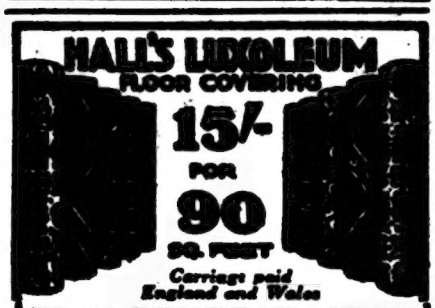
'Phone: Hounslow 0065

HALL'S LINOLEUM FLOOR COVERING

15/- FOR 90 SQ. FEET



Carriage paid England and Wales

Write now for FREE SAMPLES of this wonderful damp- and rot-proof floor covering. Suitable for any floor, as it lies quite flat. Will stand any amount of hard wear. Several handsome patterns.

A. C. HALL & CO., 9, HOWARDS BUILDINGS, CENTRAL STREET, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given Free to all Sufferers!

A genuine Testimonial: "Such a unique and very valuable course is worth its weight in gold!"

Every sufferer from "nerves" should get my absorbingly interesting book describing an inexpensive home-treatment for Weak Nerves, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia, Self-Consciousness, Blushing, and similar nervous disorders; sent privately for 3d. stamps. Write now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

HENRY J. RIVERS (J.B.78)
40, Lambs Conduit Street, LONDON, W.C.1.

GREAT FREE GIFT

During our Sale we are offering a number of GENUINE DAINTICARS at about half the price usually charged.

THIS MODEL 49/6 Other Models to suit all purses for cash or from 5/6 monthly.

Prompt delivery. Carriage paid

Send at once for Sale Catalogue and particulars of our GREAT FREE GIFT.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO.
(Dept. P.76), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

SEND NO MONEY

LESTON JEWELLED WATCHES

20 YEAR GUARANTEE

Highly tested movement, fully luminous, with seconds hand. Beautifully polished stylish case and handsome leather sewn strap. An ideal gift. 2/6 on receipt and balance payable 3/- monthly until 17/6 is paid, or if cash with order or balance within 7 days, 16/-. Also supplied non-luminous without seconds hand, same terms.

LADIES' MODEL.

With beautifully engraved case on black moire band. 2/6 on receipt, balance 3/- monthly until 19/6 is paid. Cash with order or balance within 7 days, 17/6. Expanding bracelet, 9/6 extra.

FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

LESTON BROS. LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 132, Stonington Causeway, London, S.E.1.

BEST WATCH VALUE Ever Offered

No DEPOSIT

LADY'S SOLID SILVER WATCH

Expanding silver bracelet, thoroughly tested, three-quarter plate, jewelled movement, almost precision, handsome dial, 25/6. On Metro Band, 20/-.

GENT.'S SOLID SILVER WATCH

Strong leather strap, similar movement, 21/-. Luminous, 2/- extra.

Both warranted for 15 years. On receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.

Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches.

HOME & DOMINIONS WATCH CO., 9, White Hart Ct., Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

Complete Bedding Bales FREE

We are giving away complete bedding bales to all readers of "John Bull" who send for our Monster Bedding Sale. Usually 40/-, now reduced to 28/- for 10 days only, to clear remaining stocks.

OUR MONSTER SALE CONTAINS:
ART DOWN QUILT (lovely floral centre and panels to blend);
2 White WOOLLY BLANKETS, warm and enduring, 90 x 70;
Pair Strong Lancashire WOVEN [illegible], 70 x 70;
2 PILLOW CASES, or
1 BOLSTER CASE.
(All DOUBLE-BED SIZE.)

THE FREE BALE, which is given to all purchasers, contains the following:—
2 WOOLLY BLANKETS;
2 SHEETS, LANCASHIRE WOVEN;
1 QUILT;
2 PILLOW CASES, or
1 BOLSTER CASE.
(All CARRIAGE PAID.)

This Sale and Free Sale will be sent on payment of 10/- deposit, 10/- payable on delivery and 2 monthly payments of 20/-.

GIGANTIC EXTRA GIFTS

FOR TEN MORE DAYS ONLY we are giving entirely free to all who send full cash with order for our Sale and Free Sale, the following extra gifts:—
16 PIECES CUTLERY—4 fine Sheffield Knives, 4 Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons and 4 Tea Spoons, or HANDSOME 21-PIECE TEA-SET in beautiful design.

FREE TEA-SETS

NOTE.—These extra gifts are for full cash with order only, and will not be sent to credit customers.

Don't miss this stupendous offer. It will never be repeated.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

KILBURN SUPPLY STORES (Dept. 62) 190, CAMBRIDGE RD., Kilburn, London, N.W.6.

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH

OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH "SMARTWEAR."

NO REFERENCES, NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED, NO EXTRA FOR OUTSIZES. SPRING COATS, ENSEMBLES, THREE-PIECE SUITS, FROCKS, SILVER and WHITE FOX FURS, LEATHER COATS, FUR COATS. Call or write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue. Dept. A.12.

High-class Tailoring for Gentlemen. Write for Catalogue to Dept. C.61.

Smartwear LTD
Radnor House, 93-97, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

BLUE SERGE

Simply to advertise our Catalogue of over 200 Govt. Bargains, we are offering Blue Serge Trousers for the Advertising price of .. 6/11

These are of smart cut, turned up bottoms and *Postage on 1 or 2* hip pocket, and are made *pairs 9d. C.O.D.* from a Blue serge that is *if preferred.*

PRACTICALLY UNWEARABLE AND AS TOUGH AS PIN WIRE & WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL TO GIVE EVERY SATISFACTION.

Do not hesitate; send for a pair to-day; examine them in your own home; put them to any test you know, and if you do not consider them worth double our advertising price, return, and your cash will be cheerfully refunded. State Waist measurement.

Over 40 ins. Waist 1/- extra.

BUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, ILFORD.

British enterprise beats all for value

The great suction power of the GOBLIN WIZARD extracts deeply embedded dirt, it polishes and cleans smooth floors at one operation, and by simple detachment of extension handle the GOBLIN is adapted to cleaning stairs, upholstery, mattresses, etc. with almost ease. A triumph of value.

GOBLIN WIZARD
ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

Write for illustrated folder giving full details of this and other Goblin Cleaners.

Prov. Pat. 9677/30.

OR DEFERRED TERMS.

British Vacuum Cleaner & Eng. Co. Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), Lon., S.W.8

MOTOR INSURANCE on EASY PAYMENTS

WITH LEADING BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANIES.

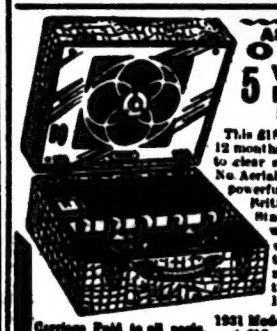
A SMALL DEPOSIT insures any vehicle for 12 months. Balance payable by monthly instalments.

CERTIFICATE ISSUED BY RETURN OF POST.

Send full details of your vehicle and what you use it for, also state if comprehensive or third party, quotation will be forwarded immediately.

"NO CLAIM" Bonus allowed on transfer.

NATIONAL TYRE SERVICES Ltd.
INSURANCE BROKERS,
4, Brunswick St., North St., Leeds.



ASTOUNDING OFFER
5 VALVE PORTABLES
Mullard or Cossor

This £18 Radio, guaranteed for 12 months, is offered at £5-15-0 to clear surplus of export stock. No Aerial. No Earth. Very powerful and selective. Receives British and Continental Stations of High and Low wave Length. Finest workmanship and materials. Only a limited number of these attractive bargains available. In finest quality Rexine.

Carriage Paid to all parts. £5 : 15

1931 Model. Brand new. Original cost £18. Real Hide case, 15/- extra. To see and hear is to buy.

Call at THE PIONEER RADIO CO., 189, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Phone: Temple Bar 8176.

. . . or rather, let a Riley Billiard Table do it for you. The 6 ft. size Riley "Home" Billiard Table is delivered on first payment of 10/-, the balance you pay by easy monthly instalments. Cash price £11 18s. 0d. Riley's pay carriage, take all transit risks, and give 7 days' Free Trial.

Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables.

Ready for either duty in a few minutes. Can be had in various sizes and styles for cash or easy terms. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

WRITE FOR ART LIST.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Amos Works, ACCRINGTON, and Dept. 4, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

BABY-CLOTHES

A BEAUTIFUL HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE. 75 BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS. 30/-

Expectant Mothers! Don't buy or attempt to make until you have seen my bargain. Silk and Wool Shawl Robes, R'alips, Lawn or Wincey-ette Day Gowns, Long-cloth or Flan. Nighties, Wrapper Vests Binders, Long Pack Flannels, (Barras or Boby) Pilches, Wool Knitted Matinee Coats, Terry Napkins, Bibs, etc. A mother's home-work and artful maker. Worth £5. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND 2/- for parcel on approval. Balance cash or terms. Thousands of testimonials.

A [illegible] writes:—"Mighty delighted. Materials and make perfect, you have saved the pounds."

Mrs. J. F. HOWARD, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

25% SAVING passed on to smokers

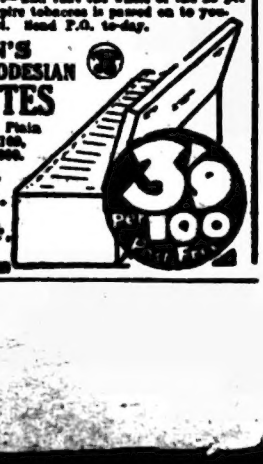
WE personally guarantee that Heron's are High-Class Rhodesian Cigarettes—equivalent in value to any 10 for 6d. cigarettes on the market—and that the whole of the 25 per cent. saving in duty on Empire tobacco is passed on to you. Money back if not satisfied. Send P.O. to-day.

HERON'S HIGH-CLASS RHODESIAN CIGARETTES

POST FREE PRICES for Plain or Cork Tips: 3/6 per 100, 16/6 per 500, 32/- per 1,000.

Special Terms for Clubs.

HERON & CO. (Dept. J.B.3), 20, UPPER JERMYN ST., LONDON, W.1.



BE AN AGENT OF OUR 1/- WEEKLY CLUBS.

DAVE'S BENEFIT STORES

This strongly-made Solid Oak Bedstead, with Diamond-Mesh Mattress — 3 FT. WIDE — SUPPLIED, CARRIAGE PAID, 39/-.

offer you these Amazing Bargains taken at random from their 100 page Catalogue. Become one of our Agents and

Increase your Income

by organising 1/- weekly clubs. "Our Goods are the best—Our Commission the highest." The 1,000 wonderful Bargains illustrated are supplied (Beds) CARRIAGE PAID 20/-.

No capital required

Write Now for Free Catalogue and full particulars. This opportunity is offered by a firm of Repute.

THE PERSONAL SERVICE HOUSE

This Handsome Pair 9 ft. All Wool Blankets, Blue Borders (Whipped-on). SUPPLIED, CARRIAGE PAID, 29/-.

DAVE'S BENEFIT STORES, Dept. 4, 136, ASHTON NEW ROAD, BEDWICK, MANCHESTER.

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Heart. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment. The Stanley Institute (Dept. H.E.), 82 Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

45/- SUITS for 19/6

GREAT ADVERTISING OFFER.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

To the first two hundred readers who apply we will supply one of our noted 45/- Gent's Suits for merely 19/6, and if for any reason you do not consider the suit supplied for only 19/6 honestly worth every penny of 45/-, return it and we will refund your 19/6, together with 1/- for your trouble in sending. The first two hundred applicants only will secure these Bargains. Don't send money now, but see what you buy.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Send a postcard for big range of fine Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds, fashions and easy self measure form to :—

H. THOMAS & CO. (Dept. J.B.4),
14, PITLAKE BRIDGE, WEST CROYDON, SURREY.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

I Guarantee your Satisfaction

Ladies & Gents KHAKI SHIRTS & SHORTS

Buy Direct from the Manufacturers

Best Quality Material —Genuine Government Dye. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
SHIRTS - 3/9, 4/3, 4/6, 4/9, 5/9, 6/6
SHORTS 2/9, 2/10, 2/11, 3/9, 3/11, 4/3
TWILL PYJAMAS 5/6
Carriage paid on all orders over 5s. Orders under this amount please enclose 6d. extra for postage.

CAMPERS AND RAMBLERS CLOTHING ASSOCIATION
85A, ASHWELL RD.
MANNINGHAM — BRADFORD

SALE!

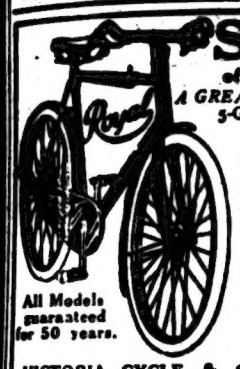
of ROYAL Cycles.
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY
5-Guinea Models for

59/6
(or 5/9 monthly).

3-Speed Model de Luxe for

79/6
(or 7/6 monthly).

Numerous other models at similar reductions.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.



All Models guaranteed for 50 years.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO.
(Dept. C 72), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

"CLEAR THE DECK" SALE

OF OUR FAMOUS 25/-

ELEPHANT HIDENE

TRENCH COATS FOR LADIES & MEN

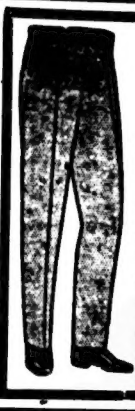
These perfect fitting, well-tailored coats in the New Wonder Fabric resembling Elephant Hide, are being offered during the sale at the following bargain prices :

Ladies' Up to 42 Bust.	Men's Up to 48 Chest.	Boys' & Maids Up to 42 Length.
16/- Usually 35/-	**17/6** Usually 35/-	**12/6** Usually 25/-

Postage, 9d. Each Coat.
Colours : FAWN, NAVY, SAXE, GREEN.
PATTERNS FREE.
The Ideal ALL WEATHER Coat, Lined Warm Scotch Fleece, guaranteed WATERPROOF and CHILL PROOF. Write for "Clear the Deck" Sale List FREE!

FAITH BROS. Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2)
223-240, North End Road, London, S.W.6.
SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.

AMAZING VALUE in TROUSERS



SMART PIN STRIPE **5/-**

HERRING BONE TWEED, Brown or Grey **6/-**

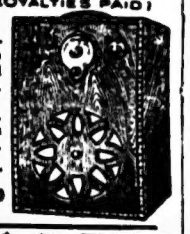
POST FREE ANYWHERE.

Having made a special purchase of cloth we are able to supply these trousers at the above remarkable prices. **Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded** if goods are returned in good condition within 3 days. When ordering please state waist measurement, either 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 ins. Special sizes extra. State colour required. Send P.O. with order for prompt delivery.

PAGET & CO. (Dept. J.B.1), 16 & 17, Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

WORLD'S LOWEST PRICED TRANSPORTABLE THREE

READY FOR USE! **£5·7·6** (ROYALTIES PAID)



3-VALVE TRANSPORTABLE.
Self-contained. No aerial. No earth. COMPLETE with Loud Speaker, Valves, Batteries, etc. In polished Oak Case.
Guaranteed for 12 months. £5 7s. 6d. Cash, or 13/6 down and 11 monthly payments of 10/6.

WORLD'S SUPPLIES (Mfrs.) LTD.,
Sales Dept. J.B.,
18, CHURCH ROAD, LEYTON, E.10
Trade enquiries invited.

NEW HAIR NEXT WEEK

The Famous 'WAVEX' ELECTRIC COMB

NOW **6D**
LET BATTERY 3d EXTRA
GLORIOUS WAVY HAIR BE YOURS.

A "Wavex" Electric Comb brings hair beauty and luxuriance all hair troubles—dandruff, baldness, stops falling hair, restores colour. It costs 6d. (battery 3d. extra) and saves expensive hairdresser's charges. "Wavex" Comb will be sent, complete under plain sealed cover, for 1/- post free from :—

WAVEX, 9, Duke Street, London, W.C.2

WONDERS NEVER CEASE

600 ARTICLES, FREE TO ALL

NO OUTLAY
NO TROUBLE
NO CATCH

CARPETS
FURNITURE
BEDDING
FOOTWEAR
CLOTHING
JEWELLERY
CHINA, &c., &c.
IN FACT, EVERYTHING

£3 Commission on our Senior 20 Week Club.

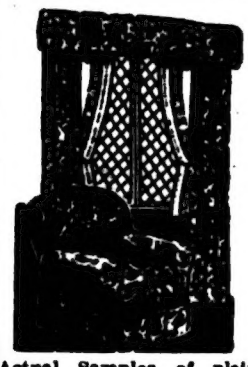
Start a C. & P. Club Now. 1/- a week secures all these 600 Bargains. Big Commissions. Best possible Value.

Don't Delay.
Send To-day.

VACANCIES NOW FOR 1,000 NEW AGENTS.
Send p.c. for Particulars.
New 128-Page Catalogue of Amazing Bargains.

CITY & PROVINCIAL STORES, Dept. D,
P.O. Box 43, Atlantic Mills, Manchester.

50,000 Yards CASEMENT CURTAINING AND CRETONNES 1D.



Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched. Inserted. Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, Artificial Silks, Multi Stripes, etc.

P.C. BRINGS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE, ALSO POST FREE 72 Coloured Illustrations Lovely Cretonnes.

PATTERN BOOK POST FREE

From 3D. Yard CRETONNES and FADELESS CASEMENT with a GUARANTEE 4¾D.

CASEMENT MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. J.B.12), THE LOOMS, MANCHESTER.

FIRE!

YOUR TURN MAY COME NEXT

What would happen to your family if they awoke to find the house raging with fire—their retreat by stairs cut off and trapped by flames at bedroom window ? Ensure their safety by installing "The Hytimite" Portable Fire Escape. Automatic in action, it quickly lowers the heaviest person with complete safety. *The "Hytimite" can be yours for a small amount and will last a lifetime. Send now for descriptive folder.*

JOHN HERR & CO.,
Fire Protection Engineers,
Royal Central Chambers, Windmill St., MANCHESTER

FROM 6/5

Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections, 3/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
6ft. x	4ft. x	6½ft.	£3 9 6	12/3	6/5
7ft. x	6ft. x	6½ft.	£4 18 6	17/3	9/-
9ft. x	6ft. x	7ft.	£6 11 6	22/11	12/1

FREE CATALOGUE OF PORTABLE BUILDINGS FREE.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

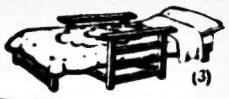
FULL LENGTH BED CHAIR with SPRING SEATS 2/6

ONLY secures delivery of this full-length Bed-Chair with spring seats, and 12 weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. Solid oak frames polished rich nut brown, 3 velvet cord cushions, any colour, 2 seat cushions reversible. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat (see illus. 4). Our patent spring seats ensure comfort with permanent springing. Carriage Free Eng. P.O.'s only. Cash Price 30/-

(1)

Send for new Coloured List B

(2)



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(4)

NORTH BUCKS TRADING Co., Ltd.
52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W.1

WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILTS FREE

20/- A BALE

2 White Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips 30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case 58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80 x 60
1 Coloured Turkish Towel.

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.
Compare sizes before buying elsewhere.

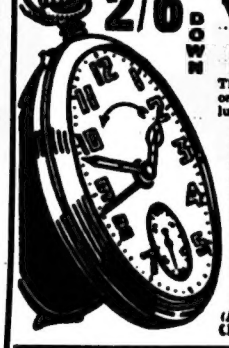
Complete 20/- Carr. Free.
Cash or C.O.D.
Money back if not satisfied.

FREE GIFTS
A HANDSOME WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILT and a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings sent free with each Sale.

STANDARD SHEET CO.
Dept. E.6, 188, Princess Street, MANCHESTER.

POCKET ALARM WATCH 2/6 DOWN

LUMINOUS



This amazing new invention is an ordinary size pocket-watch with luminous dial, seconds hand, lever movement, handsome nickel case, keyless wind, clear face, fitted with powerful alarm to remind you of appointments, etc. Standing on own hinged rest by bedside will waken heaviest sleeper. Invaluable when visiting or travelling. Extremely useful present. Immensely popular. Thousands sold. Sent on receipt of 2/6, balance 2/6 weekly (12/6 in all). Cash Down 22/-. Send to-day.

(A) EDWARDS & JORDAN, 41, Charleville Road, London, W.14.

8/6 TYRES FOR 3/11

"Exo" UNPUNCTURABLE Cycle Tyres are now made by the new Electro-Hydraulic Process. Gives 50 per cent. more mileage. Fitted with Puncture Proof Shield as shown. No more roadside delays or messy patching. A really perfect Puncture-proof Tyre.

GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.

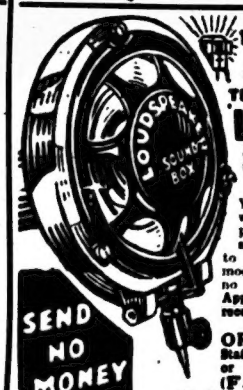
Thousands been sold at 8/6. For a trial, we offer 2,000 only at 3/11. Post 6d. TWO for 6/3 post paid. Not more than two sold.

MONEY BACK TERMS.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles, Accessories and Novelties. 5/- in 4 saving.

Prices will amaze you.

TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED.
MOORHOUSES. DEPT 89 PRESTON. LANCS



TRY THE WONDERFUL
LOUDSPEAKER SOUNDBOX ON YOUR GRAMOPHONE

You can transform the cheapest, weakest instrument into a powerfully amplified and super-sweet-toned Gramophone equal to the most expensive cabinet model. Amazing results. Send no money. Send postcard only. Approved customers pay after receiving soundbox.

2 weekly (11/- in all).
OR 10/- CASH DOWN

State whether soundbox fits in or slips over the tone-arm.

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THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

A Novice can erect. 6 Sections to bolt together. ⅝ in. Tongued-and-grooved Boards. Planed Framing, Roofing Felt. Useful for storage Cycles, Workshops, etc. Prompt Dispatch.

Span roof type, as left illustration.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments or 12
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£3 . 3 . 0.	of 11/11 or 6/6
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£4 . 12 . 6.	of 16/5 or 8/7
9ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	£6 . 14 . 6.	of 22/7 or 12/4
12ft.	7ft.	8ft.	£7 . 9 . 0.	of 25/1 or 13/8

Send for Free Book No. 42. Many sizes & designs

J. THORN & SONS (BOX 42), BRAMPTON RD., BEXLEYHEATH, KENT.

SENSATIONAL! RADIO

The "MIRACLE VICTORY" is marvellous. Simple to operate, yet gives enormous range of stations at full strength, with superb tone. Handsome cabinet, with artistic panel in oxidised silver colour, and magnificent Cabinet Cone Speaker. SOLD AT FACTORY PRICES, complete with Cossor Valves, etc., ready to switch on, from 5/6 down. SEND COUPON in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope to :

The World's Wireless Stores, Wallington, Surrey
Please send me FREE ART PLATES of "Miracle" Sets.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
J.B.
Write in CAPITAL Letters, using a pencil.

Write for Lists

The MIRACLE VICTORY

FROM 5/6 DOWN

GRAVES PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE WITH HALF-CROWN 12 DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS

Offered at the Keenest Bargain Price on Deferred Payments. 5/- now, & 13 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied after delivery.

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE

Covered with leather cloth, Nickel plated corners, smooth running Motor, 10in Turntable, splendid Sound Box. Pocket for Records in lid. Complete £3/10

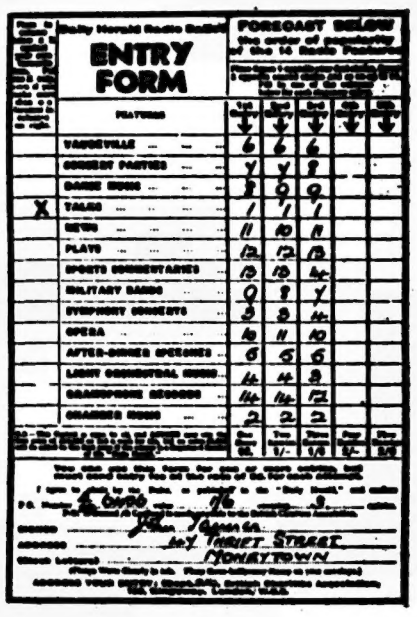
CATALOGUE POST FREE

Gramophone-allied goods at Bargain Prices on Easy Payment Terms.

5/- NOW.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

GREAT RADIO COMPETITION TO HELP THE HOSPITALS!



ENTRY FORM

FORECAST BELOW the order of popularity of the 14 Radio Features

	FEATURES	1st Entry ↓	2nd Entry ↓	3rd Entry ↓	4th Entry ↓	5th Entry ↓
	VAUDEVILLE	6	6	6		
	CONCERT PARTIES	7	7	7		
	DANCE MUSIC	9	9	9		
X	TALKS	1	1	1		
	NEWS	11	10	11		
	PLAYS	12	12	13		
	SPORTS COMMENTARIES	13	13	14		
	MILITARY BANDS	9	8	7		
	SYMPHONY CONCERTS	3	3	4		
	OPERA	4	11	10		
	AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES	5	5	5		
	LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC	4	4	3		
	GRAMOPHONE RECORDS	14	14	12		
	CHAMBER MUSIC	2	2	2		

I agree to abide by the Rules, and enclose P.O. Number 76 value 3/- covering 3 entries.
SIGNED John Tanner
ADDRESS 149 Thrift Street, Honeytown

HOW TO DO IT

We reproduce on the left for your guidance a specimen Form filled in by an imaginary person, whom we call Mr. John Tanner.

You will see that first of all he places a **X** in the left-hand column against **HIS OWN** favourite item which is "Talks." (Note—as requested he uses **one X only.**) Then he forecasts the order of popularity of the Radio features in the columns on the right, using the numbers 1 to 14.

He submits three attempts, for which he sends 1/6. He fills in his name and address CLEARLY, and like a good fellow he is sending in his entry **early.**

(N.B.—Needless to say the selections given by the imaginary Mr. Tanner are made at random and **SHOULD NOT** influence you in any way in deciding what **you** think will be the order of popularity of the 14 Radio features).

HOW TO WIN

Follow carefully the simple directions below—they will show you how to win the biggest fortune of its kind ever offered.

(1) **Read the Rules carefully.**

(2) **Vote for your own favourite feature (only one) by placing a cross (X) in the column on the left-hand side of the Entry Form.**

(3) **Number these features from 1 to 14 in what you consider will be their order of popularity as a result of the general voting, using the space provided on the right of the form.**

(4) **You can use the Entry Form below for one or more entries, but you must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.**

(5) **Fill in your name and address in the space provided on the Entry Form, enclose your remittance, and send to the address given.**

March 31st is the definite closing date of this wonderful Ballot—you cannot afford to delay a moment. ENTER NOW! This is positively the last few days.

N.B.—If you wish to have an extra £5,000 added to the first prize, fill in the forms below.

1st PRIZE
£10,000
or £15 a week for life
An extra
£5,000
making £15,000 in all if the winner is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald"
2nd PRIZE
£500
3rd PRIZE
£250
4th PRIZE
£100
150 Prizes of £1 each
and many other valuable prizes
ALL PRIZES GUARANTEED.
Organised by the British Charities Association.
Chairman: The Lord Lake of Pavenham.

Place in column below a X against your own favourite item. Put one X only, even if you make more than one forecast in columns on right.

Daily Herald Radio Ballot

ENTRY FORM

FORECAST BELOW the order of popularity of the 14 Radio Features

Place figure 1 opposite your first choice, figure 2 opposite second choice and so on up to 14. Fill in one of the columns below for each sixpenny entry.

	FEATURES	1st Entry ↓	2nd Entry ↓	3rd Entry ↓	4th Entry ↓	5th Entry ↓
	VAUDEVILLE					
	CONCERT PARTIES					
	DANCE MUSIC					
	TALKS					
	NEWS					
	PLAYS					
	SPORTS COMMENTARIES					
	MILITARY BANDS					
	SYMPHONY CONCERTS					
	OPERA					
	AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES					
	LIGHT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC					
	GRAMOPHONE RECORDS					
	CHAMBER MUSIC					
		One Entry 6d.	Two Entries 1/-	Three Entries 1/6	Four Entries 2/-	Five Entries 2/6

N.B.—This Contest is open to all, and ANYONE may win the first prize of £10,000 or £15 a week for life, but an extra £5,000 will be added to the first prize if the winner is a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald."

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

I agree to abide by the Rules, and enclose P.O. Number.....

value..... covering..... entries.

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters).....

(Please Write Clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.)

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY: (Dept. J6), British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Further Entry Forms may be obtained on application to:—Entry Forms, British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, W.C.

£5,000 EXTRA

If you fill in the Forms below

The Prize of £10,000 or £15 a week for life in the great Radio Ballot may be won by anyone, but there is an extra £5,000, making £15,000 in all, for the winner if he or she is a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald."

If you are NOT already a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald," fill in the forms below—the Order Form should be handed to your Newsagent, and for your convenience the Registration Form may be enclosed with your Entry Form on the left. The simple act of filling in the forms below qualifies you for the full benefits of the "Daily Herald" £10,000 Free Insurance—an insurance which is unsurpassed in the scope of the benefits offered. The new "Daily Herald," with a net sale of over 1,150,000, is the fastest growing newspaper to-day, and if you have not yet seen it, here is an opportunity for you to give it a trial and at the same time win an extra £5,000!

Hand this Order Form to Your Newsagent

DAILY HERALD

To ..... (Newsagent)

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve the "Daily Herald" for me daily until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

DAILY HERALD REGISTRATION FORM

POST AT ONCE

N.B.—For your convenience you may enclose this Registration Form together with Ballot Entry Form on left. "Daily Herald" Registration Dept., 125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular daily delivery of the "Daily Herald." Please register me as a regular reader. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's name in full (Capital letters):—

.....

Address.....

.....

Date..... Age.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent:—

.....

.....

A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

£10,000 FREE INSURANCE.

"John Bull," 14/3/31.

Rules and Conditions.

1. On the Entry Form for the Competition are shown fourteen Wireless Broadcast features. Each competitor is first required to record his own vote as to which of these features is his favourite by putting a "X" against it on the left-hand side of the Entry Form. In recording this vote he is to be guided only by his own personal taste. These votes, when counted, will determine the popular order of the various features. A competitor making more than one entry on the same form need only record one "X" opposite his favourite item, as the number of entries on each form will be taken into consideration when counting the votes to determine the popular order.

2. The Entry Form provides five columns, to be used either for a single entry or any number of entries up to a total of five. The competitor is required to forecast in one or more of these columns what he thinks will be the result of the voting by placing "1" against the feature which he thinks will get the most votes, "2" against the feature which he thinks will get the second largest number of votes, and so on up to "14."

3. The competitor whose list agrees, or most nearly agrees, with the popular order will be awarded the first prize irrespective of what he himself votes for on the left-hand side; the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on.

4. The system of judging is so arranged that the entry having the greatest number of features correctly placed will rank highest; but in the case of two entries containing the same number of correctly placed features, that entry which contains correct results in higher positions will take precedence over that which contains the same number of correct results in lower positions.

5. Votes will be counted and lists checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London. In the event of a tie, the Associated reserve the right to divide equally the combined prizes so affected, but as many prizes will be divided as there are competitors who tie.

6. Spaces for five entries have been provided on each form, and the subscription for the competition is 6d. per entry. The form becomes valid when sent in accompanied by the correct remittance to cover the number of entries made. Postal Orders should be crossed and made payable to The British Charities Association. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms and in ordinary ink.

7. In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association may treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries, the Competitor, the remaining entries being disqualified. The decision as to which of the number of entries so originated by insufficient entry money shall be accepted and which shall be disqualified will rest with the Association.

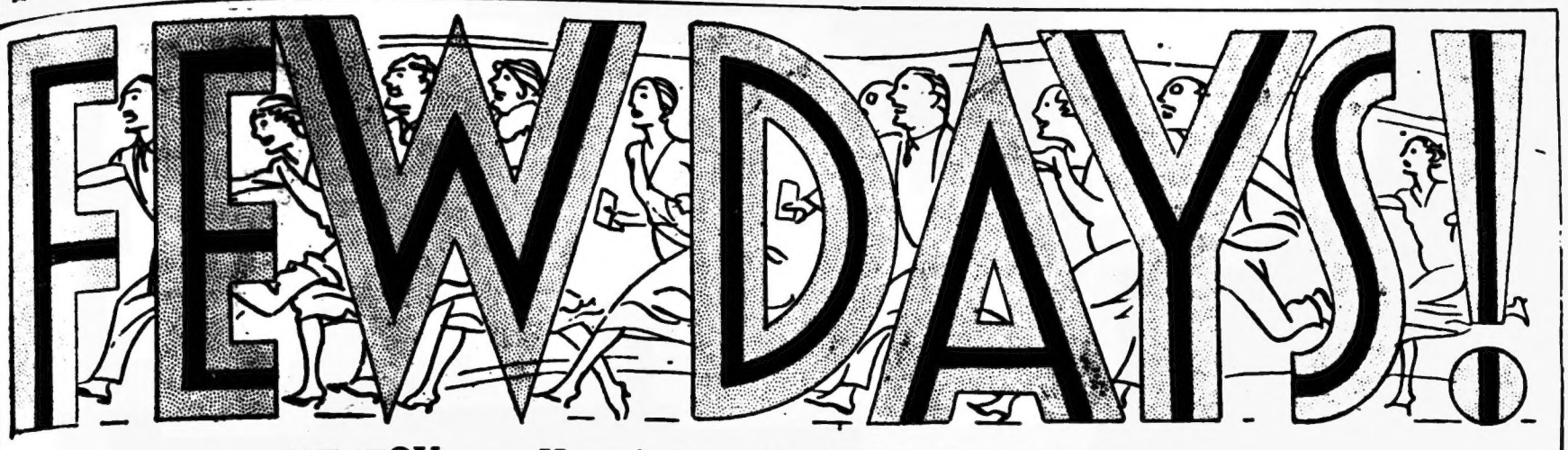
8. If several Entry Forms are enclosed in one envelope, the space for name and address must be filled in on each form. Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery, and the Association will not be responsible for any letter lost or delayed in the post or for any Entry Form lost or mislaid after receipt by the Association.

9. No correspondence will be entered into with regard to this Competition, and the decision of The British Charities Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding.

10. The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the Ballot, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the principal prize-winners will be published on a date to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

11. No person who has won or shared in any prize of £1,000 or over in any previous competition organised by The British Charities Association may enter for this Ballot, either in his own or any other name, and no competitor may win more than one prize.

12. No employee of the "Daily Herald" or of The British Charities Association may compete or benefit from any of the prizes.



YOU must Hurry! Hurry!! HURRY!!! If you want to win the biggest prize ever offered in a contest with a sixpenny entry fee.

This is positively the last few days of the great "Daily Herald" Radio Competition.

Between now and March 21st, someone is going to win the gigantic first prize of £10,000 or £15 a week for life. **All the prizes MUST BE WON,** and they are guaranteed by the "Daily Herald." The whole of the profits will be distributed by the British Charities Association amongst the Hospitals throughout the country.

This great contest is open to all. Any reader of "JOHN BULL" may win the £10,000 or £15 a week for life—and there is an extra £5,000 to be added to the first prize, making £15,000 in all, if the winner is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

In front of you now there is a five-figure fortune waiting to be won. All you are asked to do is to send in a simple forecast on the Entry Form on the opposite page. There is a sixpence in your pocket now that may win you independence for life. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity. Time is short. You must Hurry! Hurry!! HURRY!!! **Fill in the Entry Form now and send it in AT ONCE.**

Open to all Readers of 'John Bull'

£10,000

OR £15 A WEEK FOR LIFE

Entrance Fee 6D. ONLY

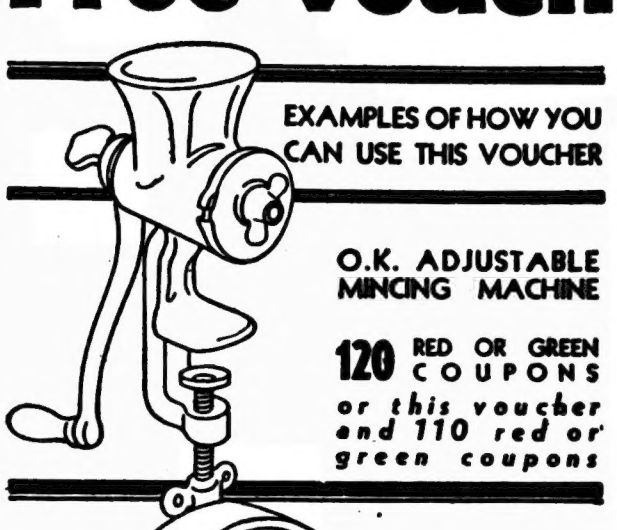
MUST BE WON BY MARCH 21

Entrance Fee 6D. ONLY

IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

AN ASTOUNDING GIFT COUPON OFFER

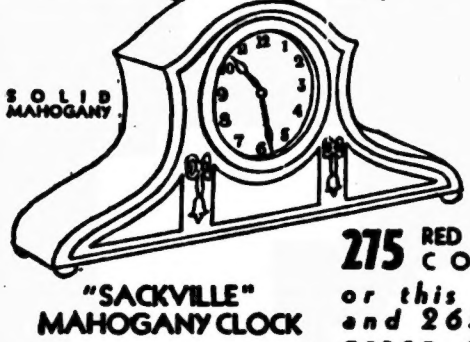
Free Voucher worth 10 coupons



EXAMPLES OF HOW YOU CAN USE THIS VOUCHER

O.K. ADJUSTABLE MINCING MACHINE

120 RED OR GREEN COUPONS *or this voucher and 110 red or green coupons*



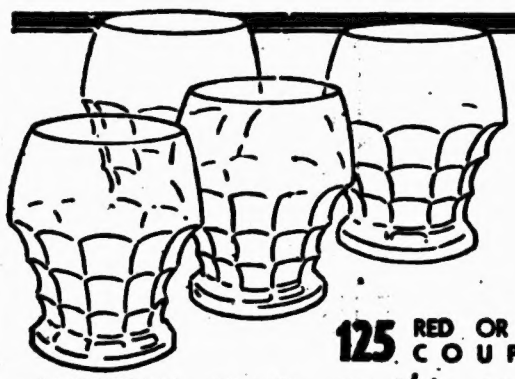
SOLID MAHOGANY

"SACKVILLE" MAHOGANY CLOCK

275 RED OR GREEN COUPONS *or this voucher and 265 red or green coupons*

WILLOW PATTERN 21-PIECE TEA SET

350 RED OR GREEN COUPONS *or this voucher and 340 red or green coupons*



JACOBEAN GLASS SET OF 4 HALF PINT TUMBLERS

125 RED OR GREEN COUPONS *or this voucher and 115 red or green coupons*

8

AVAILABLE UNTIL JUNE 30TH 1931

We acknowledge this Voucher to count as

10 FREE COUPONS

towards any Gift offered to smokers of

Black Cat Cigarettes

RED OR GREEN BAND

Only one of these Complimentary Vouchers will be accepted from any one person

CUT IT OUT *NOW*-and USE IT

The Public's continued support is due solely to a strict adherence to the highest standard of quality—quite apart from the gifts.

The quality of tobacco—size of cigarettes—purity of paper—standard of manufacture are unexcelled by any other manufacturer, in addition—quality gifts by quality manufacturers.

Black Cat

RED BAND

100% PURE VIRGINIA

Quality CIGARETTES

5 FULL VALUE COUPONS IN EVERY PACKET OF **20** *for* **1/-**

No 28

JOHN BULL.
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London

JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, March 14, 1931. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Cowards of the Prosperity Wave

EVERY day, almost, brings forth an industrial company report for 1930 of outstanding achievement. Record profits and dividends from almost all departments of trade are quite common.

These British results from a year of unexampled difficulties are significant. They are in sharp contradiction to those of American and other foreign companies.

Herein lies the basis of a great revival. It means that British industry has not only kept its powder dry in a very difficult period, but is gradually wresting back markets from the foreigner.

It is another assurance that our non-varying confidence in the Old Country is cast-iron.

* * *

It is distressing to think that right on the eve of better times the Railway Wages Board has decided in favour of wage reductions. Why hit the worker and the housewife in his moment of highest hope?

It is cowardly. It is weak. It is false economy. It is a disappointment and a disgrace.

Big tax-dodging wangle

Interest on 5 per cent. War Loan 1929-47, and certain other securities, is paid without income-tax deductions being made at the source.

Of course, the recipient does not escape tax, *unless the interest is paid to someone domiciled abroad*, preferably—for treaty reasons—in Switzerland.

Men with big investment incomes are forming nominal Swiss-domiciled companies—their own agents—to whom they "lend" their investments.

Interest is then sent gross to Switzerland and returned to the tax-dodger as part repayment of the fake loan.

The Inland Revenue officers can surely devise means of stopping this.

A damp squib

The Government's Bill to permit kinemas and theatres to reopen on Sundays is not going to have a straightforward passage through Parliament.

Several M.P.s, including most of the Scottish Liberals and many Labour Members, intend to oppose it strongly.

* * *

The Churches, in addition, have already warned M.P.s that if they vote for thus "desecrating the Sabbath" they will lose large numbers of Churchmen's votes.

That is an empty threat, which we hope the Government will ignore. The number of churchgoers who still believe that man was made for the Sabbath and not the Sabbath for man is negligible.

Army band sensation

The Army authorities have decided to switch our military bands from the "high pitch" to the "low pitch"—at a cost of about £100,000.

There are, roughly, 175 bands in the Army and the cost of new instruments will be about £550 for each band.

According to one of our greatest authorities on military bands the "low pitch" has neither the brilliancy nor the carrying power of the "high pitch."

"The band," he said, "is primarily for Tommy Atkins, and when a regiment is on the march carrying power is all-important."

Why this waste

It is urged in favour of the change that it will facilitate the employment of Army bandsmen in civilian orchestras. When thousands of civilian musicians are walking the streets owing to the competition of the Talkies, this is nothing short of a scandal—a one to which JOHN BULL has had to refer in the past.

The difference between the two pitches is about a semi-tone. Why waste £100,000 for what at best is a doubtful benefit?

It has happened

An amazing thing has been happening in India. The history of the whole world has no parallel to it.

That "quiet little Hindu"

The proxy of the Emperor of the mightiest Empire of any age has sat day by day in his palace talking, as man to man, with a half-naked "rebel."

On the one side almost unlimited physical powers; on the other, a quiet little Hindu who demanded "what is fair."

And all around them that historic, blood-stained plain where Sultan Alau's din once put 30,000 men to the sword for disobedience.

There is a spirit of greatness in this. The British Raj has no finer achievement to its credit than the agreement of New Delhi.

Starting at the top

Imperial Chemical Industries, the biggest industrial combine in the country, felt the need for increased efficiency.

Most firms faced with such a problem automatically start cutting down their staffs.

Instead, Imperial Chemicals chopped off with the stroke of the pen several of the boards of directors of companies which it controls.

Other big companies should take note. British industry is carrying far too many useless directors. The economy axe should start at the top.

Good-bye to all that!

Attempts to persuade local authorities to adopt "five-year plans" for housing and slum clearance are meeting with success.

Out of the 290 local councils with populations of more than 20,000, no fewer than 236 have submitted plans, providing for rehousing 427,066 slum-dwellers and erecting 209,860 additional houses.

Fine progress is being made also in the erection of cheap cottages for rural workers.

The price of these has now been got down to £300 or just over, at which figure the houses can be let at half a crown a week, exclusive of rates.

A broken sword

After his term of office as High Commissioner for New Zealand expired Sir James Parr returned to the Antipodes.

Out there he heard the call of the Empire Crusade and came back here to buckle on his armour.

He now announces that owing to the earthquake disaster he feels that he can be more usefully engaged in his native land and will return there immediately.

A job for the new P.M.G.

The Post Office is at present developing a scheme to abolish trunk telephone calls. To this end, more and more towns are being placed on the toll exchanges.

On the top floor of the telephone building in Carter Lane, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, where the Trunks, Overseas and City Exchanges are already housed, a new "no waiting" exchange is now being constructed, and will be completed in a few months.

A considerable speeding-up in telephone communication between distant towns will result by the direct contact with local exchanges which will be available.

Here's an opportunity for the new Postmaster-General to show his salt and help business men by cheapening the service.

The blue pencil

Last week a case was tried at the Old Bailey in which a man called Newman had threatened his employer that if his services were not continued as a publicity agent he would have him "exposed in JOHN BULL."

Newman was found guilty, and rightly so.

Probably for reasons of space, the statement made in court that Newman was previously unknown to us and that he was never in a position to influence JOHN BULL in any way did not appear in many of the Press reports of the case.

In fairness to ourselves, we wish to make this clear.

Life

Mrs. Annie Elizabeth Forster sobbed in the dock of the Old Bailey. She had thrown acid in the face of the man she loved—a cowardly thing.

Yet she was defended by counsel who held the Victoria Cross, the supreme emblem of gallantry.

It was revealed that she had since married the man she wronged, and he tried his best to shield her. She was now his wife; no longer his aggressor.

But the law is stern. She must not go unpunished, said the judge. Six months!

Charlie Chaplin, the greatest clown, the greatest laughter-maker in the world, sat in court. He covered his eyes with his hand as he heard sentence.

They never had a plot like this in Hollywood.

Left Wing split

A split has occurred in the Left Wing of the Independent Labour Party regarding the election of a chairman to succeed Mr James Maxton, who retires at Easter.

The Londoners and the intellectuals are backing Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P., while Lancashire and the Clydesiders are supporting Mr. Elijah Sandham, M.P., whose Manchester speech, some months ago, led to a furore in Parliament.

Mr. Campbell Stephen, M.P., another Left-Winger, is also a candidate for the chair.

The rival factions are opposing each other keenly behind the scenes.

Brancker's last money

We are able to state that the profits from the forthcoming memoirs of Sir Sefton Brancker—who perished in *R101*, and whose will recently created wide discussion—will be handed over to the endowment fund of the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire.

As the book will be the first of any importance to deal with the air side of the war it is expected to arouse great public interest.

The Guild of Air Pilots is a comparatively new organisation, and its membership-roll contains the names of our finest civilian airmen.

Is he worth it?

Labour men once debated the question of whether any man was worth more than £500 a year. They are now debating whether a Labour Government is justified in appointing an official at a salary of £7,000 a year—£2,000 a year more than the stipend of the Prime Minister.

He is paid more than the Premier

This is being paid to Sir Ernest Gowers, the chairman of the new Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission.

Mr. Shinwell defends the appointment on the ground that public servants of exceptional ability can only be obtained by paying the market price for their services.

But at a time when there is talk of reducing Cabinet salaries as a measure of economy, Labour M.P.s naturally feel that prices in some markets may be too high for the public purse.

"IF YOU SEE IT—" (Continued)

Drop it, Clynes

Mr. Clynes, the Home Secretary, is seeking an opportunity to introduce the Bill he has prepared for amending the Children's Act.

Not only does it propose to raise the age for the imprisonment of children from sixteen to seventeen, but it considerably strengthens the law's power to take children out of the custody of immoral or dissolute parents.

We would advise him to drop this latter part. The law is adequate now to deal with the children of parents unfitted to look after them, and, in fact, is frequently abused by those egregious baby-snatchers, the Board of Lunacy Control.

Lost dignity

The report of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service will be available shortly, and should have the early and careful attention of the Government.

The bonus "cut," which has now taken effect, and the conditions of employment affecting particular sections have induced widespread discontent in the Civil Service.

Cabinet Ministers are constantly confronted in Whitehall with sandwich-boards summoning Civil Servants to protest meetings.

This is a sorry state of affairs. It is not in the public interest to have a disgruntled Civil Service, and an attempt should be made to remove some of the sources of grievance.

Not all in vain

Sir Charles Trevelyan "packed up" because he saw his dream schemes being smashed, but he leaves behind a legacy of much good work as President of the Board of Education.

For one thing, he speeded up the work of providing special schools for crippled and other physically defective children.

He approved thirty-five of these in the last eighteen months, and twenty-five of them are already in use.

Will they work?

The Spahlinger and Calmette vaccines for the eradication of tuberculosis in cattle—and eventually perhaps in human beings—are at last getting full official investigation.

At the Research Institute of Animal Pathology, Cambridge, and at the Weybridge Veterinary Laboratory of the Ministry of Agriculture strict tests are being made.

This will resolve, one way or the other, all doubts as to the claims made for these remedies.

Courts too martial

While in charge of the guard at the Central London Recruiting Station, Whitehall, Sergeant Frank Duffey had a drink with a couple of "Tommies" in his room.

For this he was court-martialed and reduced to the ranks. Rather a savage sentence, wasn't it?

There's a picture somewhere of General Sir John French, while in charge of the entire British Expeditionary Force in France, having a drink at an estaminet with a whole lot of Tommies.

The War Office ought to look that up. It might do the brass-hats good.

Graft charge hush-hush

What has come of the demand for an enquiry into the allegations of graft in the municipal administration of Glasgow?

The city was flooded a year ago with rumours, and proposals were made to the Government for a judicial enquiry.

Questions were asked in Parliament by M.P.s. who hinted at sensational revelations. Now the whole question has been dropped.

The public is entitled to an official statement explaining why the campaign for the enquiry has been abandoned.

We moved them

Our reference, a few weeks ago, to the high dues ruling in the Suez Canal has brought a quick response.

Lord Inchcape, vice-president of the Suez Canal Co.

The Government has displayed sympathy and, together with foreign shipowners, is making arrangements to meet the canal company at an early date.

It is anticipated that chambers of commerce will also support the movement to lower the rates.

Meanwhile, we inform the President of the Board of Trade, who has confessed his ignorance on the point, that the proportion of British shipping using the canal, according to the last annual return, is 57 per cent.

Borstal no bar

We are glad to have the assurance of the Secretary for War that Borstal boys are not denied admission to the Army if their credentials are otherwise satisfactory.

If it were not so, the Borstal system would be officially stigmatised as futile.

That any institutional taint should afterwards attach to such boys would be wholly repugnant to the public mind.

Why, many of the lads would proudly wear an Old Borstalian tie!

So it goes on

When a South Wales farmer applied for permission to supply Grade 1 milk, the great food of countless babies, an official examination of his cows revealed that more than 50 per cent. of them were infected with tuberculosis.

This state of affairs gives point to JOHN BULL's demand, that the whole of the milk supply should be pasteurised and to our support of Lord Moynihan's demand in the Lords that a Royal Commission should be set up to deal with the whole question of the milk supply.

Fashion note

Now that Scotland Yard is recruiting an additional fifty women for the Police Force what about giving them a uniform that will make them look a little less like an advertisement for "Charley's Aunt"?

The "copper's" uniform is hardly a triumph of sartorial art, but we have got used to it and rather like its subtle blend of majestic dignity and a slightly ridiculous awkwardness.

When, however, a skirt of a length unknown to fashion replaces the trousers, the majestic dignity vanishes and only the ridiculous awkwardness remains.

And, after all, no man, not even a Commissioner of Police, has any right to make a woman look awkward.

Art

The Tate Gallery has rejected a portrait of Miss Elsa Lanchester, the actress, painted by Mr. Reginald Eves. Miss Lanchester is reported to be seated on a stool in this picture, wearing an "airy costume."

It seems a pity, when so many diabolical examples of nudes in painting and sculpture are thrown at the public, that Elsa Lanchester, the Eve of Eves, should be debarred from pleasing our eyes in the famous gallery.

It's a funny world, this world of art.

When finger-prints fail

An interesting case came before Mr. Justice Hawke at York Assizes the other day. A man in the dock had been identified by his finger-prints.

An expert said that he was certain beyond all doubt that the finger-print evidence incriminated the prisoner.

But the judge, after going very fully into the facts, was not satisfied, and the jury discharged the man—another instance of the unfailing quality of English justice.

Another rent war

A big rent struggle may be expected in Scotland shortly.

Tenants are organising to demand pre-war rents for pre-war houses, and propose that the Government should amend the Rent Act accordingly.

The Labour movement on Clydeside was built up on rent-strikes during the war, and the Party leaders believe another rent-war will favour their chances in a General Election.

* * *

The house-owners complain that rent increases are inadequate to enable them to pay increased charges, including higher rates, but as the tenants are more numerous the politicians are likely to side with the larger army.

"Flannel Feet"

Several announcements have recently appeared in the Press concerning the baffling activities of a clever and unnamed cracksman who has been responsible for many burglaries in different parts of London.

He is, reports add, known as "Flannel Feet," because of his habit of wrapping towels and clothing about his feet in order to ensure that foot-prints are never left behind.

Our readers will find nothing new in these reports, however, as "Flannel Feet's" unpunished operations were fully exposed in JOHN BULL as long ago as 1928.

The miner's mite

Work in the Durham village of Trimdon is so slack that almost every man is unemployed.

A few weeks ago a jobless miner, with a wife and three young children, broke his arm.

The change-over from unemployment to sick benefit cost him a fortnight's relief, so that after he had paid 4s. 2d. rent only 4s. 10d. was left to keep the family during the week to come.

* * *

At the local miners' institute the men, all of them unemployed, collected a guinea out of their "doles" and a visit to the local shops, badly hit though they are by the village slump, resulted in gifts of tea, sugar, butter and enough meat for the Sunday dinner.

They're decent folk, these Trimdon people.

Yes, but . . .

A general, a colonel, an ex-petty officer, an ex-corporal and an ex-private are among the M.P.s who have backed the British Legion's Bill to compel the employment of a stated number of disabled ex-Service men by employers.

Served in the Foreign Legion

And one of them, Mr. Shillaker, at one time served in the French Foreign Legion.

Although it has the general sympathy of M.P.s, the measure is not likely to make much progress.

All kinds of complications would arise, and it is being pointed out that in many cases existing employees, who have been in the service of a firm for some years, might be displaced by disabled men with inadequate technical skill and dexterity.

A spate of "spooks"

Police enquiries into college life over the recent tragedy at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, have incidentally resulted in the discovery of a new organisation which is dabbling in séances and hypnotism.

We suspect that the original promoters are acting from a purely money-making motive.

The Proctors, or "Progs," as they are more familiarly known, have unlimited powers, which even the police do not possess. They should step in and prevent this dangerous nonsense.

Red tape first aid

When a man fell down in a fit in Fleet Street, London, the other day, a passer-by promptly entered a telephone-kiosk and asked for "Ambulance."

He was connected with a voice, which told him that he must call "City Ambulance," as the accident was in the City area.

* * *

"City Ambulance," duly called, replied that it must be called by a policeman from the ambulance-telephone further up the street.

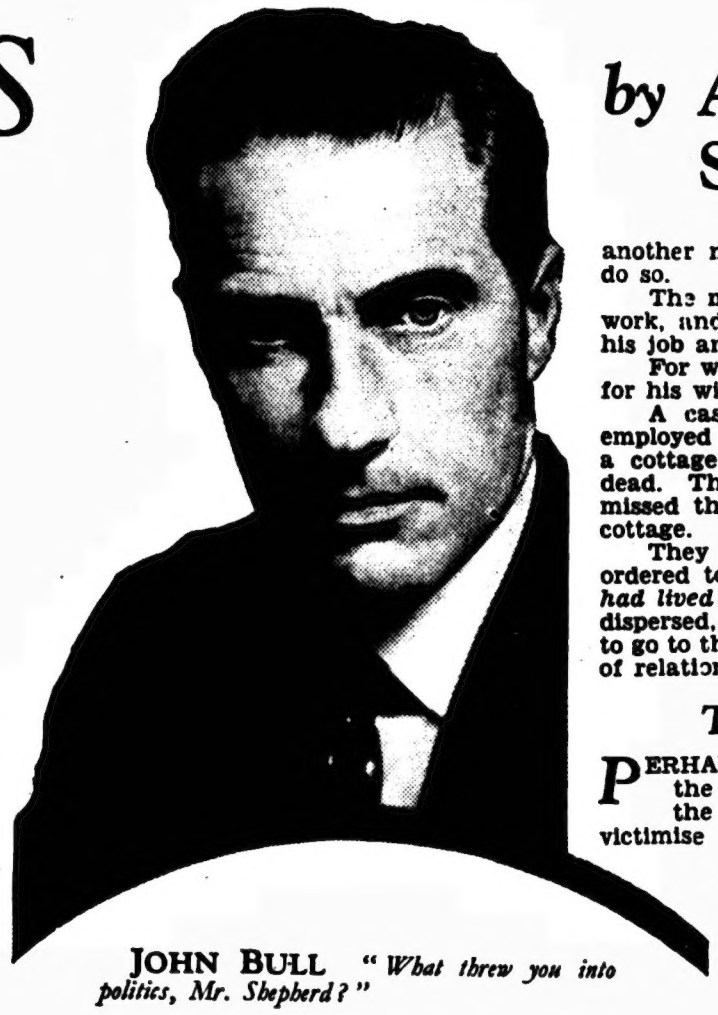
And by the time this formality was complied with the man had been lying writhing in the street for more than ten minutes.

Someone's ideas should be strangled with this red-tape.

ADAMSON— —Spring in the Air!

TYRANTS of the Fields

by ARTHUR L. SHEPHERD, M.P.



JOHN BULL *"What threw you into politics, Mr. Shepherd?"*

MR. SHEPHERD: *"A few years ago I was a country schoolmaster in an agricultural area of Staffordshire.*

"I was what some writers are fond of describing as a 'hidebound Tory.' I was in the little circle of squire and parson and local large farmers round which English village life revolves.'

"What I saw then of the dreadful conditions under which live most of the farm-workers of this country caused me more than anything else to recant my political beliefs and to enter political life."

ABOUT 750,000 people are directly employed upon the land. They live for the most part in a state of serfdom, which is one of the worst scandals of our modern England.

The extent of this scandal is scarcely realised by the town-dweller. If he knew it fully, there would be such a wave of public protest in this country as would sweep it speedily away.

I am not going to discuss here the many bitter and tragic ironies of the life of the rural worker. It should be common knowledge that he has no unemployment insurance like the town worker, that 30s. a week is supposed to be enough to support him and his family, that at hiring-fairs men and women stand in rows to be hired like cattle.

There is a far worse evil than this which strikes a heart-blow at the home. It is that 50,000 farm-worker householders, fathers of families, are compelled to live in cottages owned by their farmer-employers, who can, according to their wish or temper, put them out on the road, at any time they please, with no appeal to law, no hope of redress.

Many times I have been called away, once or twice on the same day, to villages miles apart to see the same tragic spectacle.

A small group beside a roadside cottage. The labourer and his wife stunned and helpless with misery, their small children by them, their little pieces of furniture bundled out on the road or in the process of being thrust out by the bailiff and his men.

Evicted by order of the court.

That scene is still of weekly occurrence in dozens of places—in civilised England.

In ten years the National Union of Agricultural Labourers has dealt with 6,553 ejectment cases.

Of that number it has defended 1,125 in court, and each time, so particularly privileged is the farmer, it has engaged in a well-nigh hopeless fight.

Why call it home?

THE tied-cottage custom arose centuries ago, when all farm work was hand work, and it was necessary for the farmer to have his employees grouped closely about the farm.

To-day a farmer hires a horseman, a cowman, a shepherd. Nine times out of ten he compels him to enter a cottage on the farm which he owns. The farmer does this on the ground that it is necessary to have the man near at hand and close to the farm for the proper carrying-on of his business.

Having installed the man in the cottage, he does, in many cases, deduct a rent from his pay. *Yet that man is not a tenant.*

He has absolutely no protection whatever. He can be victimised to the last degree, and he has no appeal of any kind. When his job finishes, his occupancy finishes.

No permission of the court is necessary to eject the man and his family; the farmer is absolute lord.

In the case of the ordinary labourer who is not compelled by custom to occupy his employer's cottage, but is "permitted" to do so, and who also pays rent, the position is even worse, for legally he is considered as a tenant, and has the protection of such measures as the Rent Act.

Yet the protection is a mockery.

While a court order for ejectment is necessary, the farmer merely has to prove that he has another workman to occupy the cottage to secure an ejectment order.

I said "prove." He really only has to state that he has another workman available.

I have known cases where a cottage has remained empty for some months after the last occupant has been ejected, and the farmer when challenged in court has merely to state that the employee he had in mind has gone elsewhere—or a dozen similar excuses—to get the order upheld.

The farmer is under no necessity to provide alternative accommodation for these people who have been his employees and who have paid him rent, and whom he now seeks to eject.

A grandmotherly legislation has seen fit to endow the farmer with powers denied to any other class in the community.

Tragic stories

I COULD write pages of heartrending stories telling of injustices inflicted on hapless farm-workers by certain types of farmer.

There is a recent case from Northumberland where a farmer suddenly insisted on a man sending his wife to do the farm's washing.

She did so for a time, but found that with her own household duties and the care of her children—one a very young baby—she could not carry on.

The landlord told the man that unless his wife could do the washing he would get another man whose wife would be willing to do so.

The man refused to make his wife do the work, and he was then given notice to leave his job and turned out of the cottage.

For weeks he was without work or a home for his wife and children.

A case in Norfolk: Two men had been employed on a farm for fifty years, occupying a cottage owned by their employer, recently dead. The son took over the farm. He dismissed the two old men and demanded their cottage.

They had nowhere to go, but they were ordered to give up the cottage *in which they had lived for fifty years.* Their furniture was dispersed, and they were thrown out ruthlessly to go to the workhouse or to rely on the charity of relations.

The "sack" threat

PERHAPS the worst feature of this power the farmer can exercise as a landlord is the ability it gives him in some cases to victimise his workers and evade other legal obligations which devolve upon him.

For instance, the Agricultural Wages Board has fixed certain basic wages conditions for the workers which the farmer must carry out.

It is unfortunately well known that these proposals are being defeated in many places by the farmer giving his labourer to understand that if he protests too much at being underpaid he will get the "sack" and be turned out of his cottage.

I have several cases before me where a Ministry inspector has suddenly descended on a farm and ordered the farmer to produce his books.

After taking signed statements from the workers as to their wages, he has informed the farmer he is underpaying his men and ordered him to pay up arrears under threat of prosecution.

In these cases the farmer was prosecuted and some of his workers told by the Ministry to give evidence, which, of course, they had to do.

The men were discharged immediately afterwards by the farmer and thrown out of their cottages. A coincidence, it may be said. But it has been repeated many times during recent months throughout the country.

These are cases where the very legislation which exists for their protection in one respect has proved their utter undoing in another.

Farmers are, I know, much-tried members of the community. There are among them as many humane and upright men as there are in other walks of life.

Sweep it away

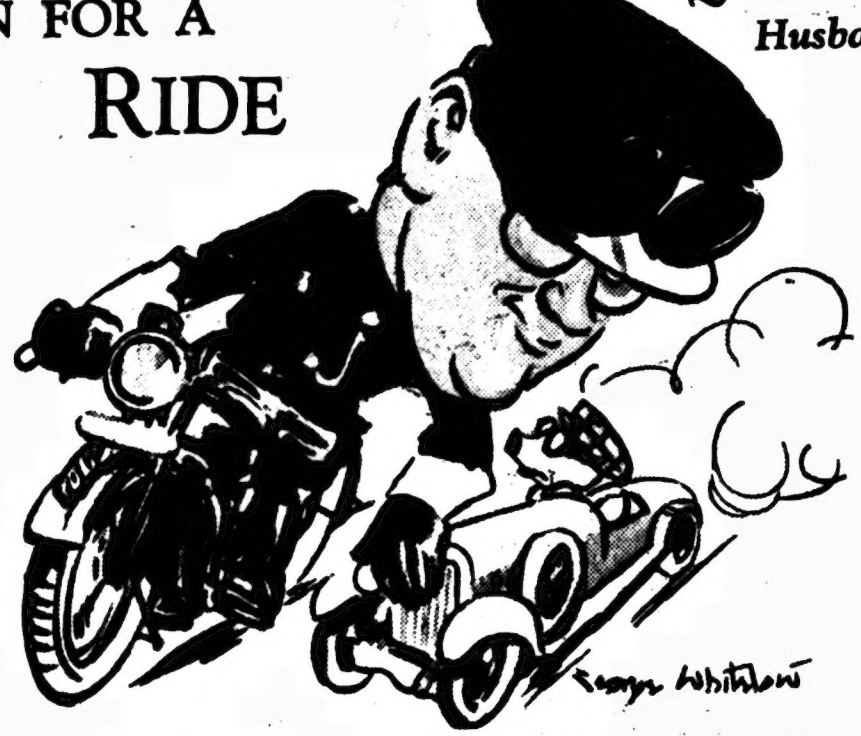
BUT equally there are a sufficient number who are the reverse, and it is intolerable that they as a class should be so favoured by law as to be able to exercise unfettered such terrible powers over their employees and fellow human beings.

While the tied-cottage system exists, we shall see no houses built in rural areas. We shall get no workers "back on the land" who have once left it after seeing their furniture and their children turned out upon the road.

We shall see the land steadily denuded of its best workers and the weaklings left, since the spirited ones who are the first to protest against injustice are the first to suffer and the first to go.

I want to see this tied-cottage iniquity swept away forthwith, and speedy action taken regarding th's scandal of the countryside. I am sure that all right-minded people and lovers of justice will agree with me.

The ROAD-HOG TAKEN FOR A RIDE



The Rt. Hon. H. MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—A week-end on the road has convinced me that every motorist in this country owes you a great and lasting debt of gratitude. So also does every pedestrian.

Your road-traffic reforms have proved revolutionary. Waning courtesy has come into its own again. Recklessness has radically diminished. The "road-hog," as it were, has been "taken for a ride."

The work of the new mobile police—it is a graceful tribute to yourself to hear them styled "Morries"—has been splendidly facilitated.

Fewer casualties, smoother transport and calmer enjoyment of a splendid pastime are inevitable. As motorist to Minister, I thank you.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
71, St. Stephen's House, London, S.W.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—Your remarks to Edinburgh University students on the decline of Parliament come with singularly bad grace from yourself—unless uttered on the stool of repentance.

"We are drifting," you say, "and, in a sense, dissolving as we drift." You, doubtless, know all about it. Even now you are drifting from the Conservative Party and, it seems, doing a bit of dissolving yourself.

"A sort of universal mush and sloppiness have descended upon us," you say.

We would not have been so frank about your posturings on India and the well-known "break-up of the Empire," but you know best. JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. T. KENNEDY, M.P.,
Chief Government Whip

DEAR SIR,—With your main complaint that time is wasted by House of Commons procedure I agree.

But what you hit hardest, the right of the private Member to elicit information or ventilate a public grievance by direct question to heads of Government departments, is a most useful proceeding.

It is the last vestige of power left with the citizen to get at public servants, who forget they are just that.

For a brief period each day M.P.s speak directly for their constituents, and Ministers must listen with what grace they can. JOHN BULL.

Messrs. J. H. WALKER and A. HENDER,
Steamers "Baltic" and "Nova Scotia"

GENTLEMEN,—The King has seen fit to bestow upon you and your boats' crews medals for the great gallantry you and they displayed in going to the rescue of schooners in the winter gales of the North Atlantic.

Your courage in saving life was in keeping with the best traditions of the British Merchant Navy; I was interested to learn that the Government of Newfoundland also recognised your valour, too. Here's my hand.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Hendon, Middlesex

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—For years I have been exposing the scandal of how unscrupulous women drag their husbands to court on ridiculous charges under the Married Women's Act and obtain a separation and a "pension for life."

Men who cannot pay are thrown into jail, and their chances of paying in the future minimised.

It is like a breath of fresh air to note that you have just reduced one "life pension" from £1 to one penny a week. You agreed that the wife had not given the man a chance.

There are thousands of such cases throughout the country. May your lead be followed.

JOHN BULL.

LORD RUSSELL,
Porthcurno, Cornwall

MY LORD,—First let me sympathise with you on the loss of your brother, a man of great and various talents.

In succeeding him you face a big problem. Your views on most social and ethical questions, which made you as the Hon. Bertrand Russell world-famous, are extremely revolutionary.

But you *must* accept the full responsibility of entering the House of Lords.

I should be sorry to see you shuffle off that chance of public service, as noble but immature young converts to the Labour Party have attempted to do.

The Lords badly needs a hornet with your stinging-power in debate, and I'm looking forward to piquant developments. JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. G. TAYLOR,
West Coker Road, Yeovil

DEAR SIR,—You contributed to the Unemployed Fund since 1911, served abroad for the duration of the war, and, up to the time of discharge from the Army, had never claimed benefit.

Last year, faced with the threat of condemnation of a temporary dwelling you started to build with your own hands and material a small bungalow.

As you were working at the time for a builder nine miles away, you had to cycle eighteen miles every working day, and cram your own work into early mornings, Saturday afternoons and Sundays.

Now, for a brief period, you have been unable, despite a Herculean appetite for work, to avoid drawing unemployment benefit, and reference in an after-dinner speech to "a house built on the dole" has distressed you.

Such a foolish statement should not cause you any sleepless nights.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman R. T. NEVILL,
Deputy-Mayor of Acton

DEAR ALDERMAN NEVILL,—You are the latest of the many civic dignitaries to be pestered by husband-hunters. One "sincere young woman" writes to implore you to find her a policeman or a postman for her mate.

I trust that you will not follow the lead of others who have acted as one-man matrimonial bureaux. It means only trouble—not for the match-maker but for the matched. Hundreds have been disillusioned.

I know there is much loneliness in the world, but the problem cannot thus be solved. Love is not like that—nor marriage, nor life. Leave well alone, sir. JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. W. ADAMSON, M.P.,
Secretary of State for Scotland

DEAR SIR,—The last prison census showed that there were 940 young people under the age of twenty-one in Scottish jails.

You have been doing your best to remedy this state of affairs by releasing them wherever work and sponsors could be found for them. Of one hundred so released not one has let you down.

Salaried probation-officers are now to be appointed, and Scottish magistrates will have fewer excuses for imprisoning young offenders on trivial charges.

But the reformatory system in England has proved the best solution. Why not ask the Home Office to draft you a real scheme of reorganisation for Scotland? JOHN BULL.

Sir LESLIE SCOTT, L.C.C.,
Charing Cross Bridge Committee

DEAR SIR LESLIE,—Of the seventy odd schemes for a bridge which you have considered, all have had one feature that puzzles me.

About two-thirds of the enormous cost of executing any of these plans seems to be due to exorbitant sums of compensation demanded by the ground landlords affected.

The London County Council exercises its powers of compulsory purchase, at its own meagre valuations, against small shopkeepers and other small property owners.

Why is not similar firmness shown in regard to these bridge sites?

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS: "New York may have the noisiest streets in the world, but London has the noisiest lecturers."

And the noisiest come from America.

* * *

SIR CHARLES HIGHAM: "Finding more employment for the masses is a job for brains and brains only."

The will, too—and a bit of heart thrown in.

* * *

MR. W. GRAHAM, M.P.: "I am sometimes drawn towards the idea of dictatorship in this country."

It is to be hoped you are only thus drawn in caricature.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Questions that Must be Asked Husbands While You Wait

Not from the B.B.C.—Charlie Chaplin sings:

"THEN—*and Now*"

I WISH my uncle could see me now
In gladdest of gladsome rags,
Cheek by jowl with the high of brow,
Resplendent in ev'ning "bags";
Sweetly smiled on by haughty dames,
Calling dukes by their Christian names
At elegant social jags.

I wish the girls that I used to know—
Though they weren't too keen on me—
Could catch a glimpse of their one-time beau
Conducting a West End spree;
Living in almost regal state,
Fawned upon by the grand and great
And made of their houses free.

And how I wish that some friends were here
Who were friendly when I was "broke,"
Ere ever I knew a single peer!
Especially there's one bloke
I'd like to smuggle along; for he,
Catching my eye, couldn't fail to see
And enjoy—like me—the joke!

You've heard, no doubt, that the humorist is usually a sad dog, and I can tell you why—because he finds it so hard to discover a companion who takes the same size in sense of humour.

Only a person who sees the funny side of things can appreciate what a splendiferous joke my latest home-coming has been.

I don't mean the scene at the station. That really thrilled me. And at times there has been something pathetic in the spontaneous affection shown me by simple people, grateful because I have made them laugh.

But you must admit that it is funny when a lowbrow comedian like me suddenly finds himself the pet of the highbrows. And part of the joke is that they think they are frightfully up-to-date and really imagine that they've "discovered" me.

I have heard them discussing the psychology of my trousers and the true inwardness of my boots, as if my specialty was psycho-analytical tragedy and my name Charliovitch Chaplinoffski.

And just as funny as the Bloomsbury highbrows are the Mayfair nobrows. Not long ago they simply couldn't imagine my deah, what the lowah ordahs could find in me that was so fraightfully amusing. But now, believe me, I am IT!

Heaven with jam on it is not good enough for Charlie nowadays. But don't think that I don't know who really discovered me, laughed at me, and made me what I am.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Although with you I chat and smile,
I cannot stay with you, my dear,
For longer than a little while.
Though you and young Sir Thingummybob
Are charming (now that I've "arrived")
Some trusted friends you'd call "the mob,"
Upon whose friendship I have thrived,
Want me, and still remain more dear
To me than Clara Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere—
I hope you will not think me rude—
These friends my antics used to cheer
When Mayfair thought me "rathah crude."
Of course you know much better now—
Praise my "delicious sense of fun"
Together with the high of brow—
Now that the fight is fought and won.
But don't—for I will not—forget
That I'm the people's Charlie yet!

An Impudent BID for POWER

by A. G. GARDINER

Mr. Churchill holds the thunder of the Press gods over the head of—

THE political confusion grows worse confounded. Old Parties are melting away like snows in April and new Parties spring up like mushrooms in summer nights.

Political leaders are becoming as plentiful as tabby cats, and we do not know from day to day who among the clamorous candidates is the Moses who is going to lead us out of the wilderness.

In all this mix-up, the queerest case is that of the Conservative Party. It is the queerest because it is so difficult to see what the row is about.

The other Parties are at sixes-and-sevens because some want to turn to the left and some to the right and some to wheel right-about-face.

"Dog-fights"

But there is no confusion of this sort among the Conservatives. They want one thing, and they want it all the time and altogether. They want tariffs and plenty of them.

And as one who disbelieves in tariffs as the road to recovery, I am bound to confess that never since Peel took them off has there been such a likelihood of someone putting them on again.

In the present mood of the country it is generally conceded that the General Election, which may come any day and can hardly be delayed beyond the summer, will put the Conservatives in power.

The only thing, short of a miracle, that can rob them of victory is the astonishing spectacle that the Party presents to the country.

It is no sooner out of the dog-fight at East Islington than it plunges into an even more furious dog-fight in the very Holy of Holies of Conservatism, St. George's, Hanover Square.

Plain issue

It is not a decent dog-fight about what the Party stands for. It is just a vulgar dog-fight about who shall be master.

No question of principle or policy is at stake. The issue is whether Lord Beaverbrook, supported by his faithful bottle-holder, Lord Rothermere, can knock out Mr. Baldwin and establish himself as the King-maker of the Conservative Party.

This purpose is now open and undisguised. The Empire Free Trade Crusade, which was invented to give an appearance of respectability to the dog-fight, has been contemptuously turned down by the Dominions themselves and is now fading out of the picture, leaving the stage clear for a fight to a finish between Beaverbrook and Baldwin.

If there was nothing more than the personal issue involved, I should be indifferent. If tariffs come, it does not much matter whether they are the gift of this man or that.

But this is much more than a personal issue. Behind the Beaverbrook-Baldwin quarrel is the question whether this country is to be governed from Fleet Street or from Westminster.

Shall we be ruled by the electorate or by a couple of Press magnates, whose only claim to the attention of anybody is that they have got the control of the most powerful system of newspapers in the country?

I hold no brief for Mr. Baldwin, to whose domestic policy I am entirely opposed; but in this matter he is fighting a battle which is outside all Party consideration and in which he is entitled

—Lord Irwin, whose work for peace in India may be wrecked

to the sympathy of everyone who is concerned for the traditions of this country.

What is his crime in the eyes of Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere? It is not any question of policy.

It is true that at this most critical moment, when the fate of India is in the balance and a settlement which will bring joy to Lancashire is in sight, Lord Rothermere is recklessly playing the part of fire-brand.

But this folly (in which his stable-companion, Lord Beaverbrook, is too cautious to join him) is only inspired by his desire to hound his innocent readers on to Mr. Baldwin.

That statesman has honourably undertaken, if he succeeds to office, to implement the Round-Table Conference. He could not do otherwise without repudiating the Viceroy appointed by his own Party and plunging India back into rebellion. No responsible statesman could contemplate such an incalculable crime.

No; the offence of Mr. Baldwin is not political, but personal. He has affronted my Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere. He has refused to feed out of their hands, to make them his confidantes, to take his marching-orders from their lips.

Torrent of abuse

And for this he has for years been pursued with a venom and a malignity unprecedented in British journalism. Day by day the Beavermere newspapers have been a raging torrent of vilification of the Conservative leader.

During the East Islington election their fury suggested nothing so much as mad dogs foaming at the mouth.

Every honourable tradition of journalism was outraged to give point to this infamous campaign. No one who had a verbal brick to fling at Mr. Baldwin was denied a hearing; no one who said a word in his defence was allowed to be heard.

It is a fantastic situation. Beaverbrook and Rothermere between them control nine-tenths of the channels of communication to the Conservative public in London. For practical purposes therefore Mr. Baldwin has no means of reaching his own followers.

All that they are allowed to hear about him is that he is a dunce, a failure, and must be made to walk the plank. The ultimatum of the Press lords is "Throw over Baldwin or we'll wreck the Party."

I am not sure that they will not succeed in their enterprise. Much will depend on the critical battle in St. George's. It is Baldwin's fate that will be decided there.

If the official candidate of the Party is beaten Mr. Baldwin will be beaten, and it is difficult to see how he can survive the humiliation.

He would probably not have survived it so long but for two things: first, his determination that his Party shall not be a creature of a couple of newspaper monopolists; second, because the Party has no very obvious successor, and fears that if it makes Mr. Baldwin walk the plank it may find Mr. Churchill master of the ship.

It does not love Mr. Churchill, but that does not mean it will not have to have him if Baldwin is sacrificed.

Ablest man

For he is the ablest man the Party has; his mischievous views on India undoubtedly appeal to the die-hards, and though he is a Free Trader—well, perhaps a little matter like that could be arranged.

Moreover, he could be trusted to keep the Press magnates sweet. He knows them of old, and anybody would be welcome to them who enabled them to wreak their vengeance on Mr. Baldwin

Moreover, has he not broken with Mr. Baldwin on India, and so left himself free to be crowned as the leader if anything untoward should happen at St. George's?

From the point of view of a disinterested spectator, I hope Mr. Baldwin will win. I hope this because I think no worse fate can overtake this country than that it should fall under newspaper government.

All dictatorships are bad, but the dictatorship of irresponsible Press lords who treat politics as a stunt to promote their circulations is the most degrading and dangerous of all.

If such a humiliation befell the country, no decent citizen would have anything to do with public life.

Homely Wisdom

PUTTING OTHERS RIGHT

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A MAN whose house I have just left has been telling me of an adventure of his own which occasioned him both annoyance and amusement.

He had been specially invited to play a round of golf with a newly made acquaintance whose home adjoins the golf-links, and as the weather was keen, he was promised a good old-fashioned tea at this gentleman's table, with a new-laid egg to make it specially enjoyable.

All went according to plan until the egg came in. "Now," said the host, "you will never eat a better egg than this. It was laid by my best black hen from a strain that took a prize last year."

"No it wasn't," put in the wife from the other end of the table; "it was laid by the speckled hen."

"What are you talking about?" retorted the husband. "I tell you it was laid by the black hen. No other of our hens lays an egg of that size and shape."

"And I say it was not," pursued the wife. "I saw the speckled hen get off the nest, and I took that egg out of it myself while it was still warm."

At it they went hammer and tongs all through the rest of the meal, one maintaining that the black hen laid the egg, and the other that the speckled hen did so, until at length they had worked themselves into downright ill-temper.

* * *

There are persons who have a perfect passion for correcting others. No matter how trivial the subject, they cannot bear to let an opportunity slip of adopting a pose of superiority in this way.

To contradict another on a minor point or to instruct another in a hectoring spirit is a worse fault and does more harm as a rule than the mistake it is supposed to rectify.

This is because the real object of the intervention is to magnify the importance of the person who mounts the pedestal and talks down to his victim.

He likes patronising those who are unfortunate enough to be in his company: it makes him feel bigger than he truly is in relation to the rest of the world.

It may be necessary sometimes to put a friend right if he has fallen into error that may expose him to the laughter of fools, but no one of nice feeling will do it in such a way as to mortify him.

* * *

The very essence of discourtesy is to make the person you are talking to feel ill at ease, and yet this is conduct of which some highly placed people are as often guilty as those of lesser note.

To wound without provocation the self-esteem of any man or inflict needless humiliation upon him is evidence of a mean nature and a small mind in the perpetrator of the offence.

A warm heart and a big soul reveal themselves by their power of evoking the best from those about them.

THE STRONGHOLD OF THRIFT

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE Co. Ltd.

EXTRACTS FROM THE EIGHTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1930

ORDINARY BRANCH

New Sums Assured	£18,814,714
Total Sums Assured and Bonus	£195,809,243
Premiums Received	£11,561,834
Payments to Policyholders	£10,748,829
Policyholders' share of profits	£2,567,217
Reversionary Bonus	£2.12s.% Whole Life Assurances £2.6s.% Endowment Assurances

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH

New Sums Assured	£66,104,404
Total Sums Assured and Bonus	£488,217,702
Premiums Received	£18,121,855
Payments to Policyholders	£11,085,526
Policyholders' share of profits	£3,712,388
Reversionary Bonus	£1. 14s.%

GENERAL BRANCH

Premiums Received	£1,960,189
Payments to Policyholders	£1,154,520

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS IN 1930 £22,988,875

The PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

(Copies of Chairman's Speech and Directors' Report sent on application)

Police-Cell DEATH SCANDAL

"A terrible wrong was done to Mrs. North and her family in her dying hours"

MRS. ROSE NORTH, the widow of a soldier in the Buffs who was killed on the Somme, was buried a few days ago in Canterbury.

On her coffin was a wreath from the police force of that historic cathedral city.

The floral tribute was the only amend the police could make for a terrible wrong which was done to the woman and her family in her dying hours.

She passed away, unattended, in a police-cell, where she had lain unconscious for eight hours, the police believing that she was drunk and incapable.

The woman was, in fact, sober. She was suffering from a stroke and cerebral hæmorrhage due to heart disease, and this was the cause of her death.

They knew better

Yet the police, although they knew well that Mrs. North was in very bad health and their diagnosis of drunkenness had been challenged, refused to call either the police-surgeon or her private doctor.

Mrs. North, before she died, had been to a kinema, and on her way home called at her aged mother's house.

For some years she had been under medical attention for heart trouble, and only a few days before had collapsed in the street.

At her mother's house she showed signs of another attack and complained of numbness and giddiness.

After she reached her own home, Mrs. North went out again to buy food for her family's supper.

An hour later—at 8.40 p.m.—she was found unconscious in the street by a passer-by, who went to the police-station and reported the fact.

"Inside—drunk"

It was a stormy night and heavy rain was falling.

The police-station is only a few hundred yards from the spot where the woman lay, but fifty-five minutes elapsed from the time she was found until she was carried in there on a stretcher.

Various policemen who saw her say that she "smelled of drink," but not the slightest evidence could be obtained that she had actually been drinking.

Mrs. North, it must be told, abhorred drink, and only under compulsion very infrequently took a minute quantity of brandy as a medicine.

A constable went to the mother's house and gave her and other relatives the laconic information, "She's inside—drunk."

The family protested that a mistake must have been made, and explained the poor state of Mrs. North's health.

The mother, a frail, silver-haired lady of more than seventy, was overcome.

Police persist

"If my poor daughter has been found in the street, she is ill," she said. "She has never been drunk in her life."

To this the constable replied: "If she has never been drunk in her life, she is to-night. She cannot open her eyes or speak."

A worse thought came to the mother. She recalled how ill her daughter had been earlier in the evening, and exclaimed that she might be dying.

"Yes," said the constable. "Dead—drunk."

The mother begged that her daughter should be visited by her own doctor, and guaranteed that the expense would be met.

When the constable went back to the police-station he reported this request to a sergeant.

But nothing was done, the sergeant intimating that if the relatives wished their own doctor they should summon him themselves.

Mrs. North's two young daughters and their uncle went to the police-station.

They explained her bad state of health and liability to seizures, and asked that a doctor should be called.

Maj.-Gen. Sir L. W. Atcherley, H.M. Inspector of Constabulary, should probe

When definite information of this kind, upsetting their blind theory of drunkenness, had been given to the police, it was their manifest duty to summon either the police-surgeon or Mrs. North's private doctor.

Either or both doctors could have been called by telephone.

The police did nothing.

Instead, they told the two girls that all the doctors in the world would not do their mother any good.

Mrs. North's children asked to see their mother, but were refused.

They left the police-station with the information ringing in their ears that she was "absolutely paralytic drunk."

In the cell

So throughout the night Mrs. North lay alone and unconscious in her cell.

Once a policeman peeped in and saw her slowly moving her arm upwards and downwards. No doubt unknowingly he was witnessing her last feeble signals for help.

It should have been obvious to the police that a drunken person would not remain for all those hours completely unconscious. Still nothing was done.

At intervals Mrs. North was seen by an assistant-matron, who admits, however, that she has never been in charge of a sick person, has no medical or first-aid qualifications, and has no pretence of being a nurse.

She did not even know at the time if there was drinking-water in the cell or anything in the police-station which could be given to a person who was ill.

Too late, sergeant

Then, at 5 a.m., the station-sergeant was roused to action. At long last he sent for the police-surgeon.

But when the doctor arrived an hour later Mrs. North was dead.

The *post-mortem* examination has established that she had a stroke followed by hæmorrhage.

The police-surgeon believes that even if a doctor had been called when Mrs. North was found unconscious more than nine hours earlier she would have died nevertheless.

That, of course, may be so.

The tragedy is that no attempt whatever was made to save the woman's life, although the police knew that she was afflicted and the relatives had appealed for and were willing to pay the cost of medical attention.

It is a serious concern to all citizens, says the Canterbury coroner, to know what would happen to anybody taken suddenly ill in the streets at night.

In Canterbury to-day it must be a specially serious concern.

A Very Charming Scheme

AGENTS are touring London and outlying suburbs on behalf of a concern known as the "Housewives' Alliance," of Blandford Square, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

According to the literature they display, the society's chief aim is to offer "protection against unauthorised callers."

As evidence of support that the movement is receiving, the agents produce receipt-books with counterfoils showing that numerous subscriptions have been obtained in the district.

It is highly desirable, the agents point out, that housewives should make a firm stand against the ever-growing stream of troublesome hawkers or beggars who waste so much of the average housewife's time.

* * *

Everyone knows the objectionable type of persistent and abusive caller, who puts his foot on the doorstep and badgers timid women into giving alms they can ill spare or into buying articles for which they have no need.

By banding together, the agents point out, housewives can put an end to all this sort of thing. The first step is to join the Housewives' Alliance.

Although the membership fee is only 1s., it carries with it privileges of legal and police protection through the alliance, whose disc badge, affixed to the gatepost, is claimed to be a potent charm for warding off all undesirables.

* * *

There is evidence that these agents, whose tours have been widespread and systematic, have collected quite a lot of money in shilling membership fees. But the subscribers have received nothing in return but worthless discs.

The "Housewives' Alliance" is unknown in any commercial circles.

That the whole scheme is an impudent fee-snatching one becomes apparent when we say that the Blandford Square address given as the headquarters of the alliance is that of a boarding-house, the proprietor of which has been inundated with enquiries, though he knows nothing at all about the movement.

GOLDEN GUINEA PIGEONS

EVERY JOHN BULL monster Crossword is somebody's pigeon—and a golden one at that. The competition itself brings hours of gladness; the prize, when won, brings years of prosperity.

Just take the case of Mr. E. Allton, 86, Newtown Road, Bedworth, and Mr. H. S. Wride, 103, Regent Street, Kingswood, Bristol, who shared the 600 guineas offered in Competition No. 102.

Mr. Allton is a miner employed at Keresley Colliery. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes when he received the proof of his victory.

He modestly confessed that his success was due to his "good lady," and left Mrs. Allton to "do all the talking."

"We have been interested in competitions only for a few months," responded Mrs. Allton, "and particularly in JOHN BULL Crosswords. They are a wonderful pastime for the evenings. This is our first win, and the money will come in *very useful*."

The sparkle in her eye, and her glance at her only daughter, confirmed *that*.

Mr. Wride, who shared the six hundred guineas, is a tailor. He now sees visions of a business expanded beyond his dreams.

"The money could not have come at a more opportune time," he says. "It will enable me to develop my business just when I most wanted to do so. I shall devote the whole of it to that purpose."

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MAKE MORE MONEY. SELL Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., M'chester.

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Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

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READERS' attention is drawn to the BLANFORD offer on page 37. A free illustrated Catalogue is also offered.

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CATTLE THIEF'S *Audacious Frauds*

Weekly Informations from Maj.-Gen. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Essex's Chief Constable Unett has here a case for urgent enquiry

THOSE of my readers who deal in live-stock of any description should profit by the story that I am here unfolding regarding an amazing swindle which has been conducted from a farm in Braintree, Essex.

A certain amount of mystery surrounds the affair, some aspects of which I am able to clear up, while other points must remain for the police.

From enquiries made by my department, I can trace the history of the swindle back to the arrival in Braintree, in November last, of an individual known as Mr. Edward Fenner Allen.

He appeared to be a typical country gentleman, and he attracted some notice by renting a house with adjacent farm-land, called Cobham Park Farm.

Wholesa'e arrivals

People in the district gathered that the newcomer was a wealthy gentleman-farmer, and it soon became apparent that he was no mere dilettante, but intended to do business there in a fairly large way.

When Mr. Edward Fenner Allen had been in residence for a day or two he was joined at Cobham Park Farm by a certain Mr. A. Alberts, who seemed to be his secretary and right-hand man, and who proceeded to engage various servants and farm hands.

Live-stock of all kinds began to arrive daily, and soon the local railway-sidings were regularly occupied with cattle-wagons, trucks and horseboxes.

Indeed, Mr. Allen seemed to be dealing in everything, from rabbits to horses and from poultry to pigs.

It was also rumoured that the new tenant of Cobham Park Farm was so much in love with his hobby that veritable stacks of periodicals and magazines, embracing almost every conceivable branch of farming, were regularly delivered at his home.

Folded their tents

Mr. Edward Fenner Allen, who worked from early morning till late at night, became quite a familiar figure in his homespun tweeds, and with a fine Alsatian wolf-hound always following at his heels.

But, after two months of bustling activity, there came a day when he was seen no more in the now very much enlightened neighbourhood surrounding the Braintree farm.

He had quietly disappeared from the district, taking his secretary, the efficient Mr. Alberts, with him.

Some parts of the mystery were soon cleared up.

It was found, for instance, that the police had had their eyes on Mr. Allen and his painstaking associate from the day that they took possession of Cobham Park Farm.

It also transpired that they owed quite a number of debts in the district.

But there were bigger surprises still for those who had looked upon Allen as a sort of "new squire."

Complaints began to pour in from all quarters—some as far afield as Scotland—from dealers and others who had despatched live-stock to Cobham Park Farm without ever hearing anything more.

From information before me it is easy to piece together some of the missing links in this story.

It is clear that this gentleman-farmer's passion for perusing every periodical or magazine dealing with farming was prompted by one main object.

He and his secretary must have spent many busy hours diligently combing the advertisement columns in the various papers in question, and noting every announcement where live-stock of any kind was offered for sale.

Trust inspiring

Then, writing on impressive business notepaper, headed "Cobham Park Farm, Essex," they replied to all likely advertisers, offering tempting prices and requesting delivery of the live-stock at an early date.

The fact that Mr. Edward Fenner Allen was described on this notepaper as a "farmer, stockbreeder, and a specialist in prize stock cattle and all farm produce," probably helped to inspire confidence.

At any rate, it is now certain that live-stock to the value of many thousands of pounds must have been obtained on credit and disposed of in various markets for sacrifice prices, within the short period of Mr. Fenner Allen's tenancy.

Another point that emerges is that any dealers who suggested calling to discuss business were put off with excuses.

A few who actually visited Cobham Park Farm found it impossible to see Mr. Allen, and were effectively diverted by the able Mr. Alberts.

Some of the more prudent dealers, I find, pressed Mr. Allen for references before sending on their live-stock to Cobham Park Farm.

Seemingly satisfactory ones were unhesitatingly supplied, and only now is it known that they must have been furnished by accomplices in London.

Complaints have poured in to the various newspapers and periodicals from whose advertising columns Allen

(*Continued in column 3*)

THE Black-Spot Borough AGAIN!

ONLY two weeks ago JOHN BULL had to record a series of grievous scandals concerning the administration of Kingston - on - Thames, Surrey.

We directed public attention specially to a number of disquieting events at the Kingston and District Hospital relating to the deaths of helpless children and the conditions under which the nursing staff is made to work.

There has, in the past few days, been another incident at this hospital, the circumstances of which need thorough investigation.

It concerns Francis, the eight and a half months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Pitt Crescent, Wimbledon Park.

A month ago the baby became ill with bronchial-pneumonia, and was sent to Kingston Hospital.

The crisis of the illness passed after a few days, and soon the infant was so far on the way back to full health that when visited by his mother he was sitting up in bed cooing and laughing and playing with his toys.

No visitors

A case of diphtheria occurred among the patients, and for a time the ward was in quarantine, and visits by the children's parents were not allowed.

Every day Mr. or Mrs. Smith telephoned to the hospital, and on each occasion it was reported to them that Francis was progressing splendidly.

So when the quarantine ended Mrs. Smith went to the institution to arrange for the return of her baby.

The mother was astounded when she saw the child again. The baby's face was red and raw, as if it had been washed with unusually strong soap, and its lips were parched and cracked.

She asked in vain for an explanation of its condition in view of the reassuring reports which had been given daily to her husband and herself.

On the same night, about eleven o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were visited at home by a police inspector, who informed them that Francis was critically ill.

They were at the hospital forty minutes after the receipt of the news. The doorkeeper told them that their child was dead.

They asked at what hour the baby died, but all information was declined.

Then they demanded to see their boy, only to be told that on no account could they enter the place.

It was not until sixteen hours afterwards that they were allowed to see the body. They were shocked.

The features were twisted in agony and its cheeks were covered with scratches. There was a purple mass at the back of the neck and the mouth and ears were violet.

On and above the right eyelid was an extraordinary disfiguration. It was a discoloration about the size of a threepenny-piece, and had the appearance of either a sharp bruise or a wound over which the skin had been relaid after death.

A JOHN BULL representative saw the child in its coffin and observed the scratchings, markings and discolorations.

We appeal to Councillor W. Bell, Mayor of Kingston, to allay the distracted parents' fears

What happened?

It is to be presumed that the baby died in a paroxysm of long duration, and in agony had clawed its cheeks from the ears to the mouth. The damage to the eye was inexplicable.

In whose care was the child supposed to be at the time, what happened to it, and when did it die?

It may be that there is quite a simple explanation to account for the child's condition.

But Mr. and Mrs. Smith have tried hard to obtain interviews with officials of the hospital to get answers to their questions. They have been turned away each time.

(*Continued from column 2*)

selected his dupes in the very elaborate fashion I have described.

Meanwhile, Mr. Edward Fenner Allen and Mr. Albert Alberts are still at large, and I gather from enquiry that this is by no means the first conspiracy of the kind in which they have been engaged.

Allen is undoubtedly the chief culprit, and there have been many complaints from people he has victimised in previous schemes in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and the West End of London.

I sincerely trust that both men will soon be made to account for their conduct at Cobham Park Farm.

FREE 9d. BOX POST PAID

WILL YOU TRY THIS PROVED REMEDY FOR

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN
BILIOUSNESS PALPITATION GASTRITIS

We offer to *GIVE* you your *FIRST* Box *(put up for Free Trial only and not for sale)* for we *KNOW* this *REMEDY* is so *ASTOUNDINGLY GOOD* it will remain with you and your family as your *ONLY* Remedy for Indigestion and its attendant ailments. We *KNOW* it will give you instant relief. Our confidence in this *PROVED* Remedy is so great that we not only offer you a 9d. Box absolutely free, but will pay the cost of postage to you.

ALL YOU NEED DO IS TO SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY IN ½D. STAMPED ★ UNSEALED ENVELOPE ★

Birley's is tasteless and harmless.

OF ALL CHEMISTS 1/3, 2/-, 5/- TINS.

★ FREE TRIAL COUPON No. 78.

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD.
16, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1

Send FREE 9d. Box of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

Ryders

THE SEED SOWING SEASON

is late owing to the adverse weather. Gardening people, especially our old customers, are urged to order their seeds *immediately* so as to be ready for the good weather when it comes. Orders will be punctually and correctly executed.

The best seeds at popular prices.
£1,000 in Prizes.
A Silver Challenge Cup.
The New Exhibition Hall.

Full particulars in our Catalogue, which will be sent post free to all applicants.

RYDER & SON
(1920) Ltd.

St. Albans

TWO WORLD FAMOUS ARTISTS DRESSED BY BARRY

Apart from the remarkable value represented by our new Spring suitings ranging from £2:2:0 to measure, you are offered a tailoring organization without parallel in the country. We have had 30 years' experience in building clothes for men of discriminating taste and the majority of our staff have worked with us all those years, cutting and making garments to measure—garments that compare in fit, finish and quality with those costing twice and three times as much through the ordinary channels.

THE BARRY GUARANTEE

Wherever you live we guarantee you perfect fitting garments from our self-measurement chart. No expert tailor could measure you more accurately. In fact, our self-measure chart is so unfailing that we take all the risk. Cash refunded in full if you are not satisfied.

Sir Harry Lauder. Charlie Chaplin.

DRESSED by BARRY.

Send for our NEW SPRING Patterns

self-measure chart and fashion book of latest London styles.

WRITE OR CALL
Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

100% All Wool
Indigo Dyed, Genuine Botany Yarn, Guaranteed London Shrunk
BLUE SERGE SUIT
Made to your special measures 50/-

SCOTTISH WOOLLEN GUARANTEED ALL WOOL
SCOTCH SPORTS SUIT
Made to your special measures for 55/-
Genuine Scottish Woollen Association Cloths for which as much as 6 Gns. & 7 Gns. are asked elsewhere

000 GUARANTEED LONDON SHRUNK
ALL WOOL FLANNEL TROUSERS
TO MEASURE 12/9
Why pay more for Ready Made?

Overseas Postage 3/6 Extra. Cash with order.

Or Sent CASH ON DELIVERY anywhere in Great Britain. You pay the Postman.

The BARRY MILITAIRE

A £4:4:0 FLEECE LINED ALL-WEATHER COAT
IN LATEST PUTTY SHADE OR NAVY BLUE
for 21/- POST PAID TO YOUR ADDRESS

The "MILITAIRE" is made in fine, reliable, super-spun Cloth, with storm-defiant "PARABAR" interproofing and elegant camel shade fleece lining throughout. Absolutely impervious to rain, sleet or snow.

Cut with full, ample skirt, deep storm collar. No dressier coat or more sportsmanlike coat was ever produced. Ideal in all climates. Must not be confused with the imitation leather coat. The Militaire is quite, quite different, and equally dressy in dry weather as in wet weather.

Post us your remittance for 21/- for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, *over waistcoat*. State whether Navy Blue or Putty Shade preferred.

Also for Ladies
SAME PRICE
Lengths: (From top of Collar) 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 ins.

S. A. BARRY & Co. Ltd.
(J.B. Dept.) 26 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1
OUR ONLY ADDRESS. WE HAVE NO BRANCHES

£750
won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No 103.

Correct solutions in the above contest were received from the following three competitors, who share the £700 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £233 6s. 8d. will be despatched.

E. M. Young, 1, Melrose Avenue, Low Fell, Co. Durham.

Mrs. H. Tysoe, The Green, Brenchem, Nr. Bedford.

George Chase, 65, Corporation Street, Stratford, E.15.

Solutions containing one error were received from fifty-three competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving 18s. 11d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Try your skill now in the "John Bull" Crossword Contest on page 40, £1,000 Must-Be-Won. £100 extra for runners up.

There is more flavour in!

SHARP'S GOLDEN SUPER TOFFEE

SALESMANSHIP AS A CAREER

There is no career which has such a wide scope or which carries such possibilities as Salesmanship.

Most of the highly paid professions require a long period of probation, but a good salesman can go straight to the front without delay; also good salesmen are always in demand and the demand is growing.

"The Test." Are you being well paid for your services? If not, then you are not a good salesman, because if a man cannot sell his own services well, he cannot sell anything. If you can sell enough of the other man's commodity you can demand your own price.

Some men think they can drift into salesmanship; but no; real salesmanship is a science, it has to be learned. Salesmanship is a profession open to all. All you require is ordinary ability and a sound training.

LET OUR EXPERTS GIVE YOU THE SOUND TRAINING. YOU ARE BOUND TO INCREASE YOUR EARNING POWER.

Advice on all careers Free.

THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD.,
(Dept. 204) SHEFFIELD

DARE WHITEHALL

Let Him Die?

"Is the nation so poor in heart that his last years must be more wretched still?"

MONSTROUS WAR TRAGEDY REVEALED

NO medals or bars decorate the breast of Selwyn Jones, yet his sacrifices in the service of his country during the war have left him a physical wreck.

He is a man whose days are dark with poverty and despair, and whose nights are hideous with remembered horrors.

Too old to serve in the fighting forces, Mr. Jones, who was then a prosperous Herefordshire farmer of fifty-one, gave up his farm shortly after the outbreak of war and went to work in the Hereford munitions factory as an overseer.

While he was there "trench fever" began its ravages among the troops at the Front.

Early in 1916 it was decided by the Army medical authorities that a series of experiments on healthy persons were necessary if this plague was to be conquered.

Accordingly, a call for volunteers was issued through the Press. Mr. Jones was one of those who answered.

He was examined and found fit to undergo the experiments.

Signing himself away

Then—a first hint, perhaps, of a Government's gratitude—he was given a paper to sign, undertaking that in the event of anything happening to him he would have no claim on the authorities.

A man does not offer his normal, healthy body to be ravaged by disease for the sake of pecuniary reward, and Mr. Jones signed without a thought.

To this day he has kept his bargain—if such a one-sided undertaking can be called a "bargain." Patriotism is more than that.

To revert to the facts of what happened, he entered the New End Military Hospital, Hampstead, and submitted himself to the doctors.

It was suspected that vermin, infesting the men in the trenches, were the cause of "trench fever." The experiments to which Mr. Jones submitted included the culture of lice on his body.

For nine weeks the vermin were fed on his flesh and blood. He became infested, and contracted the malady in an acute form.

So great were his sufferings and so terrible their ravages on his body that friends implored him to ask for his release. He refused.

He went to bed a normal, healthy man; a man who had led the open-air life of a farmer in the apple-blossom country of Herefordshire. He rose a physical wreck.

His weight had dropped four stone, and his healthy body had degenerated to C4—the lowest medical category.

At the munitions factory he was rejected as unfit. The Army Pay Corps also turned him down.

Carrying on

Nothing dismayed, he volunteered for war work in the Church Army, and went to Italy in charge of the hut at Genoa.

He worked there for several months, but his weakened body could not stand the strain and he fell dangerously ill.

Next he was placed in hospital, paying his own expenses, but finally was sent to England as a stretcher case and admitted to the 3rd London General Hospital at Wandsworth.

Mrs. Selwyn Jones: "She, too, pays the price"

After nearly six months he was discharged as partially cured, and it was while convalescent that he met his wife, who was a nurse.

When they married, their joint income from investments was about £5 a week. All Mrs. Jones' savings, however, have long since gone to meet the expenses of her husband's continual illness, while his own investments have sunk to almost nothing.

When brought to the verge of want, Major-General Sir Dudley Ridout heard of their plight. He immediately addressed a letter to the War Office appealing for some assistance.

In response, the War Office, while pointing out that Mr. Jones was not a soldier, made a "compassionate grant" of £100 in consideration of his "very gallant" services.

This grant only succeeded in wiping out the over draft at the bank, and within a very short time, especially as Mr. Jones was again subjected to a very severe recurrence of his illness, which takes a form similar to "trench fever," they were again in desperate straits.

Grim spectre

Mr. Jones was living at Cromer, but the doctors ordered him to leave the East Coast.

Sir Dudley Ridout then appealed to the Red Cross Society, and the expenses of sending Mr. and Mrs. Jones to Bath for a short time were paid.

The Red Cross Society again paid the expenses of the couple to Bath, where they are now living, with the spectre of dire poverty ever facing them.

The total amount Mr. Jones has received as grants since 1916 is just under £150.

When he first went to Bath his case was brought under the notice of the British Legion there, and an attempt was made to get him a Civil List pension. It was without avail.

He is now sixty-three years of age, completely broken in health, and still a victim of the horrors he underwent in 1916. Mrs. Jones, too, is reduced to ill-health through over ten years' devoted nursing.

Describing her husband's condition, she says that he gets a high temperature after the slightest exertion, that he is a prey to constant illnesses, and that any sickness invariably renders him delirious.

He gave all

And so she, too, pays the price her husband paid that tens of thousands of soldiers might survive.

Mr. Jones was not a soldier, but he served his country well and faithfully. He gave his health, he gave his happiness, he gave what wealth he had.

Is the nation so poor in heart that his declining years must be made more wretched still by poverty and actual want?

Rabbits and Riches

WITH the exception of the sheep, the Angora rabbit is the only animal which can be shorn periodically for profit.

For this information we are indebted to a curious concern named Burnett and Lacey, of Triumph House, Regent Street, London, which is broadcasting it to small investors throughout the land.

We are certain, however, that there must be other species capable of being plucked or fleeced.

Anyone wishing to revel in riches has only to forward £32 10s. to Burnett and Lacey for a "stock bond" in something called British Angora Wool Farms.

Where and what these farms are and to whom they belong, Burnett and Lacey do not tell.

In any case, why worry about details?

For your £32 10s. there will be provided for you at the farms ten breeding rabbits, each capable of producing a family of four every year, and abundances of profitable wool.

After twelve months you will have fifty rabbits, after two years 250, and so on until in a few years there will be enough Angora rabbits to allow every man, woman and child in Britain to possess fifty of these money-making pets.

In one year, also, your £32 10s. will have become £127, in two years £975, with the rate of progression ever increasing.

So fast will the rabbits and riches multiply that before 1941 British Angora Wool Farms will have paid off the National Debt, and no one will have to work except to grow green food for the rabbits and spin the yarn.

SKIPPER OF THE BLACK MARIA

AN extraordinary number of seamen's advance-notes which have lately sprung into circulation have been found to be clever forgeries.

This is a very profitable form of fraud, although for some time it seems to have fallen into disfavour.

The reason for its sudden return to popularity is decidedly interesting, and an outline of one recent coup will serve to put shopkeepers and others on their guard.

Advance-notes, issued to seamen to enable them to draw their pay in various localities as it becomes due, are usually stereotyped letters, instructing area-agents or banks to make payment to the bearer on demand.

* * *

A Crewe shopkeeper was recently visited by a smart, bronzed individual, who introduced himself as "Captain Walter Beale," of a famous shipping line.

The skipper breezily explained that he was home on leave and proceeded to order a variety of goods.

* * *

So convincing was his conversation that when he requested the shopkeeper to oblige him by cashing one of his advance-notes, no suspicion was aroused.

Indeed, the document appeared to have been sent to the captain at a local address and seemed quite in order.

So the breezy mariner departed with his purchases and £7 4s. in change.

By the time the advance-note had been denounced by the shipping line as a masterly forgery Beale was far away, and traders in other localities were beginning to lodge similar complaints.

"Beale" is undoubtedly responsible for giving this form of fraud a new lease of life, and we are able to reveal why there has been such a long lull.

Beale, for all his bronzed cheeks, has not returned from any long sea-voyage; he has just emerged from jail.

The truth is that he is the principal advance-note forger in this country, and his last sentence of more than two years' imprisonment followed an exposure of his methods in these columns.

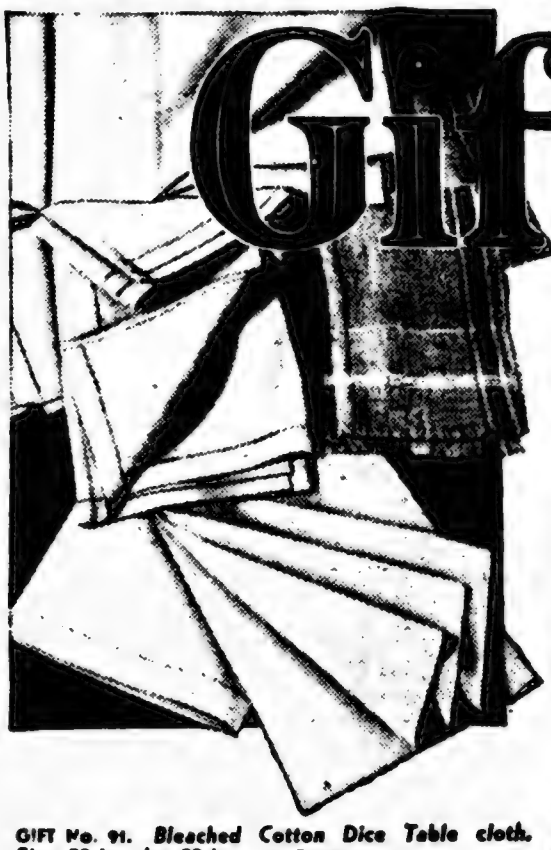
His real name is Frederick Lewington, and his aliases, which are as endless as his frauds, include those of Lewinton, Craig, Barratt, White, Harding, Hughes, McFarlane and Howarth.

* * *

The long list of complaints filed against him since he was released from jail last September show that he is an incorrigible rogue who has more than qualified for another inland voyage in a Black Maria.

LOVELY FREE

Gifts



ALL BRITISH MADE

GIFT No. 91. *Bleached Cotton Dice Table cloth. Size 52 ins. by 52 ins.* 25 Coupons.

GIFT No. 53. *Turkish Towels. Fast Colour stripes. Size 18 ins. by 36 ins.* 2 for 18 Coupons.

GIFT No. 52. *Tea cloths. Heavy quality. Red Bordered Twill. Size 27 ins. by 36 ins.* 3 for 21 Coupons.

GIFT No. 56a. *Pillow Cases. Good quality. Cotton Housewife Style. 20 ins. by 30 ins.* 2 for 18 Coupons.

Every Gift in Fry's new list is British made and of the best. Every tin of Fry's Cocoa has a coupon inside. You can start collecting now. And you'll certainly not find a more heartening, sustaining winter drink than a cup of Fry's Cocoa.

Fry's

Gifts are dispatched to the Irish Free State Duty Paid.

BREAKFAST COCOA

¼ lb. Tin 6D.
½ lb. Tin 11d.
1 lb. Tin 1/9

These prices do not apply to THE IRISH FREE STATE.

Write NOW for fully illustrated Gift Book containing Free Coupon.

TO FRY'S GIFT DEPARTMENT (8) BRISTOL

Please send me Fry's Gift Book with FREE COUPON
14.3.31

Name.....
(IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address.....

.....

Co. 56. *Unsealed envelope ½d. stamp.* *Issued by the House of Fry.*

"It doesn't dry on the face!"

(Trunk Call ending) "... right, I'll be there. I was in the midst of shaving when your call came. You ought to see me. Face masked in lather ... Oh, no! ... this lather lasts ... keeps moist for ten minutes ... Fact! ... Gibbs Shaving Cream ... Splendid ... try it! ..." *(Operator: "Another three minutes?")*

In another minute he might have added that Gibbs Shaving Cream is impervious to heat or cold—always ready for perfect shaving. That it multiplies itself 200-fold in a creamy bubble lather—instantly breaks down beard resistance—flatters the razor, and makes the speediest and smoothest thing of shaving. And there is Cold Cream in Gibbs to soothe and refresh the skin, as from a cold cream massage. Buy a tube to-day!

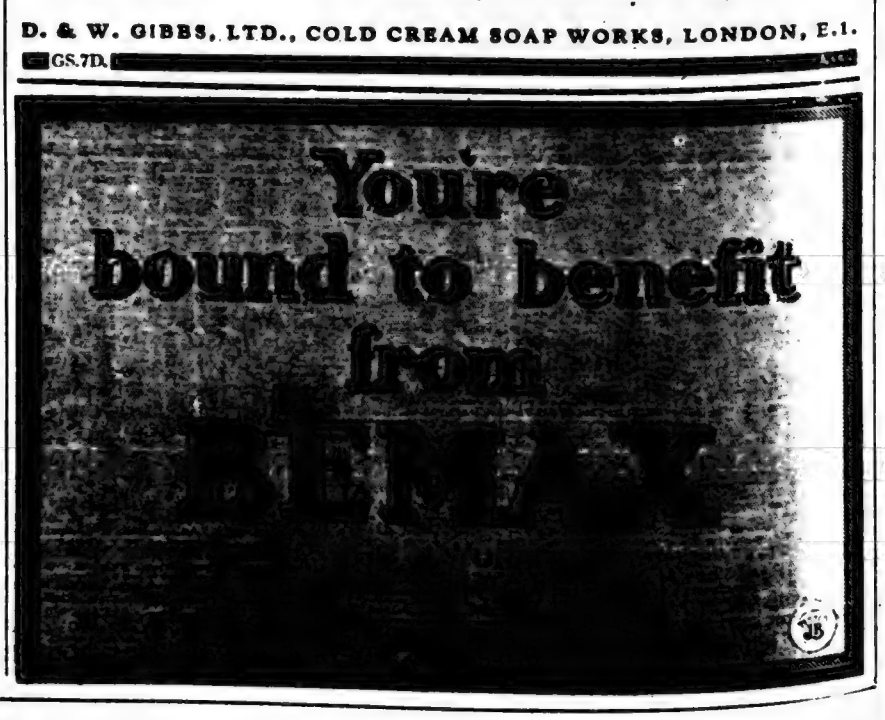
Gibbs

Shaving Cream

In Tubes 1/- and 1/6

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., COLD CREAM SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.1.

GS.7D.



A Strictly Confidential SWINDLE

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Sir Roger Gregory, President of the Law Society, and—in wig and gown—Sir W. Greaves-Lord, one of the new Bill's sponsors

THERE are some reforms so urgently needed and so obviously desirable that plain men may be excused for wondering what on earth prevents them being put in hand.

One such matter has been persistently advocated by JOHN BULL for years—the institution of proper safeguards to stop fraudulent solicitors robbing their clients.

The Law Society is the governing body of the profession. It has wide powers. I think that it ought to have wider responsibility.

No power

But while one of the committees of this body has been given statutory powers by Parliament to suspend, or remove from the roll, solicitors guilty of bad conduct, there exists no one with power to bind the profession in the actual conduct of its business.

What is far worse, there is no provision whatever made for restitution should clients' money be misappropriated by any member of the Law Society.

A solicitor who has gone wrong has remarkable opportunities for fraud, should he feel so inclined. Clients frequently put the whole of their money and the control of their affairs into his hands.

When a poor person has lost his all and been reduced to penury it is small comfort to know that the offender has been struck off the roll. Revenge is less satisfactory than redress.

I am not suggesting that solicitors as a whole are dishonest. That would be sheer nonsense.

The law is an honourable profession, and its members mostly carry out their duties faithfully and conscientiously.

But that is no reason for refusing to legislate against the black sheep, of whom there are certainly far too many.

Last week, for instance, the newspapers announced that a warrant had been issued for the arrest of a solicitor who is alleged to have converted £450 of a client's money to his own use.

Hopeless mess

Only a few weeks ago a solicitor's clerk was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for embezzling money belonging to his employer's clients.

As usual, it was found that the firm's books were in a state of hopeless confusion.

Lest anyone thinks that it is only small sums that are involved, it may be well to remind people that Lord Terrington defrauded one client alone of £213,000 and owed another £100,000.

There was a Glasgow solicitor who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for misappropriation.

He took money obtained for his clients under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and squandered it in speculation on the Stock Exchange.

A Manchester solicitor took £5,000 belonging to poor clients, and lost it on the Turf.

A London solicitor made away with large sums of money obtained from working people whose cases had been referred to him by the Poor Persons Department of the Law Courts.

The fact that all these fraudulent lawyers were sent to prison and struck off the rolls may have afforded satisfaction to the Law Society, but it did nothing to restore the money of their helpless victims.

It is a strange thing that this country, which used to lead the world in anything that was worth doing, now mostly stands apathetically looking on while other countries act.

New Zealand, for instance, long ago tackled this evil.

There is in operation there an Act of Parliament which compels solicitors to maintain an indemnity fund sufficient to make good any possible defalcations of the body of solicitors in that Dominion.

There is, as a matter of fact, another attempt being made in this country to do something.

There are two separate Bills now before the House of Commons, both of which have received a second reading. That they will ever get any further is doubtful.

Clearly there should be a definite statutory obligation on solicitors to pay all clients' money into a definite clients' account, and an equal requirement that no money whatever shall be drawn from this account by the solicitor except for the proper purposes of the client.

Secondly, we should make the same salutary provision that New Zealand has done, and require the legal profession to maintain an indemnity fund of sufficient amount to cover possible defalcations.

Hung up

What should be done, of course, is that the Government itself should introduce a Bill and see it through.

There is not much doubt as to the origin of most of these frauds.

They spring from the incredible laxity that allows a solicitor to pay his clients' money into his own private account if he wishes to do so.

The result is, frequently, lax bookkeeping, optimism with regard to finance, the using of clients' money without any real criminal intent, and then, when catastrophe is clearly imminent, desperate plunging and speculation to recover a hopeless position.

Lloyd's safeguards the public in this way. So do many other institutions. Surely what is not beneath the dignity of Lloyd's should not be beneath the dignity of solicitors.

Startling statement

Just to show how urgent this question has become, it is startling to find the Law Reform Association sending out leaflets which state bluntly;

"In view of the increasing number of cases of solicitors embezzling clients' moneys, the Law Reform Association strongly urges the public at once to place all valuable securities and wills with their banks."

There is another provision that should be insisted on. That it is not already in force is another proof of the amazing complacency with which the Law Society views the "increasing number of cases of solicitors embezzling clients' moneys."

Is there any solid reason why a solicitor should not be compelled to produce a yearly certificate from an accountant showing that he has kept proper books, that he has kept them in order, and that he has sufficient moneys in hand to meet the demands of his clients at that particular date?

Other people handling public money have to do this. Why should not solicitors be made to fall into line?

In answer to any objections, I can only say that it is better to be safe than sorry.

How much would it cost the solicitors of this country to insure the public against the swindles which are perpetrated from time to time by the black sheep of their profession?

With 15,000 potential members of the Law Society, the annual premium per head would be comparatively small.

The poor pay

I am informed that it would be only a few guineas. This is a trifle for the average solicitor to pay, and the majority would willingly pay it.

Now, let me reiterate that I am not casting aspersions broadcast on the legal profession. Out of the whole number of solicitors, the proportion of cases of fraud and dishonesty are comparatively few.

Compared with the vast sums of money handled by the profession, the amount embezzled and lost is no doubt small.

But the seriousness of the matter is that most of the cases are those of the small man acting for poor clients.

Mostly, severe hardship is caused to those least able to afford it. In the majority of cases, small though the amounts may be, it is a question of life's savings being lost.

It is to prevent the poor from losing their all that a stringent measure should be framed and passed by the Government.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Life's DEAD WOOD

ONE of the greatest uses of thought is that it enables us to get rid of the dead things of life, to weed out the irritating things and discard the needless and the useless things.

The number of useless things we all do in the course of a day's work would surprise us if we ever troubled to make a list of them; and the reason we do them is that we don't think.

We talk of life being full of "problems," we moan about all the "problems" that confront us in our daily work; but how often do we face up to the fact that a "problem" is only a direct challenge to our ability to think?

How often do we admit, even to ourselves, that a problem only remains a problem until we solve it? Very rarely—otherwise we should spend our energy in solving our problems instead of wasting it and frittering it away looking for ways in which to dodge them.

To let a problem worry us is like a gardener allowing a dead limb to hang on a tree. Unsolved problems are the dead limbs of life; and right thinking is the keen pruning-hook that can lop them off whenever we choose to make that effort.

After all, it is really a question of which habit we choose to form. We can form the habit of always trying to dodge round our problems, or we can form the habit of trying to solve them in the simplest and most direct way we can.

Anyone can grumble; the rarity is the man who can see something wrong and suggest a practical way of putting it right.

An OVERSIZE cigarette at 20 for 1/-

Thanks to the fall in the price of Virginia leaf tobacco, you may now buy the *oversize* Army Club (Cambridge size) at the popular price of 20 for 1/-. This is a fine fat cigarette in which the beautiful Army Club leaf is appreciated at its very best.

ARMY CLUB

Those who prefer a standard-size cigarette may now buy the original Army Club (Sandhurst size) at 20 for 10½d.

STILL THE SAME PERFECT QUALITY

Without Fear or Favour

COUNCILS THAT STARVE THEIR WORKERS

Slaves of the MAYOR'S CHAIN

"A vicious circle of waste and worry"

THE London County Council is shortly to dismiss between 200 and 300 temporary clerks, all ex-Service men with good records of efficiency in their work, most of them married.

The L.C.C. has 82,000 clerks, of whom a large proportion are temporaries, who can look forward to no more than two years' employment at a wage of about 54s. a week.

In contributing to this system of employment the L.C.C. is no better and no worse than other local and governmental bodies throughout the country.

The trend is shown in the recent advertisements of council bodies, the wholesale "sackings" on economy grounds and other tactics towards the black-coat worker.

What, for instance, can be said for this? The medical superintendent of the Exeter City Mental Hospital recently invited applications for an assistant male clerk, a Poor Law officer, whose commencing salary was to be £80 a year.

The fortunate applicant was expected to keep up the appearances of his class and training for £1 11s. 1½d. a week. The ultimate sum he could rise to would be £2 2s. 6d. a week!

Another example is that of the West Country county council which recently asked for a skilled shorthand typist for 30s. a week.

Plenty of similar examples of gross under-payment can be culled from the pay-rolls of municipal bodies.

Every town and county council has technical departments which carry on the public services. At the head of it is a professional man, who has special and exceptional standards of salary and promotion secured to him.

But in his department he has numerous clerks on whom he has constantly to rely, not merely for routine work, but for their expertness in the professional work concerned, their precise knowledge of local conditions, and the plans and requirements of the body which employs them.

Condemned

YET these clerks, "temporaries" and permanent, without whom the whole machine of public work would break down in a single day, for the most part carry out their work on pay conditions such as those we have quoted.

Under the present system he is condemned to it in perpetuity. Almost every kind of professional clerk can rise to the top of the industry in which he is employed. But not so the municipal clerk.

Highly specialised work like that in the education departments of town councils demands often the most exceptional qualifications from the clerks who carry on the work. Yet many of them are "temporaries," who receive £3 2s. a week.

Whitehall is not far behind; its departments give employment to 536,000 men and 100,000 women, a large proportion of whom are graded as "temporary."

Local governments employ 680,000 servants. A large number have no security of tenure beyond two years at a close-pared wage.

The pay of the most efficient of these temporary "black coats" is, as a rule, far less than the dustmen employed by the respective councils with whom they work.

With little or no hope for the future, on a pay which is comparatively a miserable pittance, they must yet keep up a standard of living and appearance far beyond that required of those other workers in humble capacities.

There is a bitter irony in the fact that many of the clerks at the employment exchanges who fill an exacting and responsible service to the State, receive in pay for a full week's work often less than the unemployed to whom they pay the "dole" across the counter.

The last few years have seen a progressive decline in the possibilities of a permanence for most of these clerical workers, a steady drop in wages offered and at the same time an increase in the standard of education and the qualifications which are demanded.

Scotland Yard recently advertised for clerks in the office of the Commissioner of Police. Secondary or public school educations were asked for, together with a knowledge of modern languages. The salaries to be paid amounted to £2 10s. a week.

Those appointed would not have any rights to promotion; only the most exceptional ability and merit could rise by increments to £353 per annum.

Out they go!

BEFORE us is a letter from a man in West Hartlepool. He is engaged in a Ministry of Labour office and receives £2 6s. 9d. a week.

He is one of thousands, officially engaged as filing clerks, who are yet employed in much the same routine as the rest. He is expected to work forty-four hours, but, as a rule, puts in three or four hours' overtime, for which no payment is made.

At the end of his two or three years' term, out he goes, to seek fresh openings elsewhere, to begin all over again, learn new terms and technicalities in different offices, his hard-won knowledge thrown overboard—a vicious circle of waste and worry.

What a futile waste of good material is all this "temporary" business! What a senseless addition to burdens and problems of living which are already bad enough.

A large proportion of the work officially supposed to be done by permanent officials is performed by these temporaries at much less pay, and with no security whatever. Except in the case of the branch exchanges, all these temporary male clerks are ex-Servicemen.

Of this pay of £2 6s. 9d. a week they are expected to support a wife and family in decency and to preserve the standards of appearance expected of a Government official.

Out of their miserably inadequate pay they must strain and scrimp to put by enough for the inevitable day of their discharge and the workless period before their next "temporary" job.

Is it surprising to learn that the diseases of malnutrition are particularly rife among these clerical workers? More than one-half of the 25 per cent. of them who die of consumption fail to reach the age of thirty-five.

Thirty-three per cent. of their sickness casualties is from chest and lung diseases.

Our hope

THE conditions under which many of them work demand all the vitality they have got, and many of them, to provide food for their families, go without food necessary to maintain their vitality.

Many years ago Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Salisbury concerned themselves in strenuous efforts to remove by legislation some of the many evils and abuses which afflict this singularly undefended class of worker.

There is somewhere in the musty precincts of the House of Commons, to which so many great constructive measures have been consigned, a Bill framed years ago which would have removed a great many of the ills we mention. And there it has been since 1914.

It is our hope that there are a sufficient number of enlightened Parliamentarians who will take steps to revive it, in the interests of a class whose voice is often lost amid the loud surge of complaints and counter-cries which breaks about the steps of Westminster.

The clerk controls the industrial and the legislative machine. Without him it would speedily stop. Give him a square deal and it will run still more smoothly.

High Lights of

THE SILVER LINING TO THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

I HAVE not seen Chaplin's new film. But a society woman told me that during one of the scenes she "positively wept." It was that in which the famous little comedian sees that his hard-earned money has been the means of restoring the sight of the blind heroine.

I sympathise with that society woman's emotion. For fifteen years I have witnessed many such scenes. I, too, have seen the eyes of the blind opened.

I have watched the lame walk, the nerve-shattered restored to health, and the malady-stricken body made whole again. And my eyes—let me confess it—are often moist.

* * *

Said a surgeon to me the other day: "After all these years you ought to be hardened to such things." "Hardened," I replied, "if I ever become that I will give up my job."

"City Lights" is what Chaplin calls his new film. What an amazing picture could be produced of hospital life! In it would be all the ingredients of a highly dramatic movie.

Think of the thrills of a scene like this:

A man walked out of the hospital and went round the corner to buy a bottle of port for his wife, who was recovering from an operation. He was served by a barmaid, who, ten minutes after he left, was shot at by a man in a fit of jealousy.

In half an hour the barmaid who had served him with the bottle of wine was lying in a bed opposite the wife for whom it had been bought.

Love that laughs

One night, at my hospital, we were called upon to deal with an attempted murder, two would-be suicides, and seven street accidents. And all within the space of a couple of hours!

Hospital life is full of melodramas. But my film would not confine itself to the sensational.

It would portray the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the cheery optimism and the love that can laugh—even at death.

And if I were to produce this living picture, I would call it "The High Lights of Humanity."

* * *

HE lay, still as death—his face bloodless, his eyes bloodshot. He had been found unconscious in the street at three o'clock that morning. "Drink or drugs, probably both," was the doctor's diagnosis.

But it did not stop there. His latest revelry brought on pneumonia, and that night his name figured on the danger-list. His parents were summoned to the hospital.

The mother, with anxious eyes, stayed by his bedside. The father preferred to wait downstairs. "He's a waster—always has been," was his unnatural comment.

But there was a reason for his bitterness. That son had been sent to Cambridge by the heroic sacrifice of his parents. "We have gone without ourselves to give to him," said that disappointed man.

The boy had repaid that sacrifice by being "sent down" from the university for disorderly conduct. "He would be far better dead," concluded his father.

Mother o' mine

But that was not to be his fate. He was dangerously ill for a week, and then, with the passing of the crisis, he started to regain his strength.

His mother was a constant visitor; but though the father often accompanied her, he refused to go into the ward.

The day before the patient left the hospital I sat by his bedside. Without sparing himself he had been telling me of his past life. And what a sordid tale it was!

Suddenly his eyes flashed. "But that's all over and done with now," he exclaimed.

He turned to his mother. "Mum," he said—and his voice trembled with emotion—"Mum, everybody's lost faith in me except you. Give me but one more chance. I won't let you down. My God! I won't."

His mother's eyes glistened. "My boy," she said simply, "I'm your mother."

Born again

Five minutes later the father walked into the ward. The patient looked at him. Their eyes met.

"Dad," he said softly, "I'm going straight." There were tears in the father's eyes. "My boy, I'll help you," was all he replied.

That young fellow is keeping his word. The other day he sent a cheque. "In gratitude to the place where I was born again," he wrote.

* * *

OUTSIDE the hospital is a cabinet containing a miniature representation of a ward. The other day a woman carrying a parcel came to see me.

In a voice of rare tenderness, she explained that her only child, a girl of five, had died in the hospital some years ago.

This woman had treasured her little possessions, and among them was a furnished dolls'-house.

"I have kept these toys by me all these years," she said, "but when I saw the case outside I thought some of the furniture looked shabby and I would like you to have these to replace them. "You see," she went on wistfully, "though my little girl died here, I know that everything was done for her and everybody was so kind to me in my great sorrow."

* * *

DAVID met his Goliath in the Strand, and was badly worsted in the conflict. His injuries were many and serious. Both his legs were fractured, his right arm had to be amputated at the shoulder, and he had a nasty gash on his head.

Yet David, on recovering from the shock revealed himself as a very cheery soul.

On the first visiting-day after his accident, a friend came to see him. "And what does the doctor say about yer, mate?" asked his friend.

David, who was enjoying a cup of beef-tea, replied: "He sez me arm's bad, and me 'ead's bad, and both me legs is bad, but thank Gawd he sez me stummick's all right." And he took a long draught of his nourishing beverage.

David was a veritable tonic of cheer. Before going into the operating-theatre for his sixth operation, he was singing to himself, "Old soldiers never die."

Another day he was caught playing noughts and crosses on his temperature chart. "Whatever are you doing?" queried his nurse, and David, with a smile, replied, "Getting the left 'and in."

The day before he was discharged, I asked him if he had been comfortable.

"Comfortable," he said. "I should say so."

He paused, and into his eyes came a puzzled expression. "I figgers it out this way," he went on, "this 'ere place is like a pallis. The nurses are like princesses, and I've been looked after like a king."

He chuckled. "That's a good 'un," he said, "you see me name's King."

David King was only a mapseller, but he was a stout fellow.

* * *

I HAVE just come from one of the wards, and there is still a lump in my throat. It is all

AN S.O.S. THAT [OU M

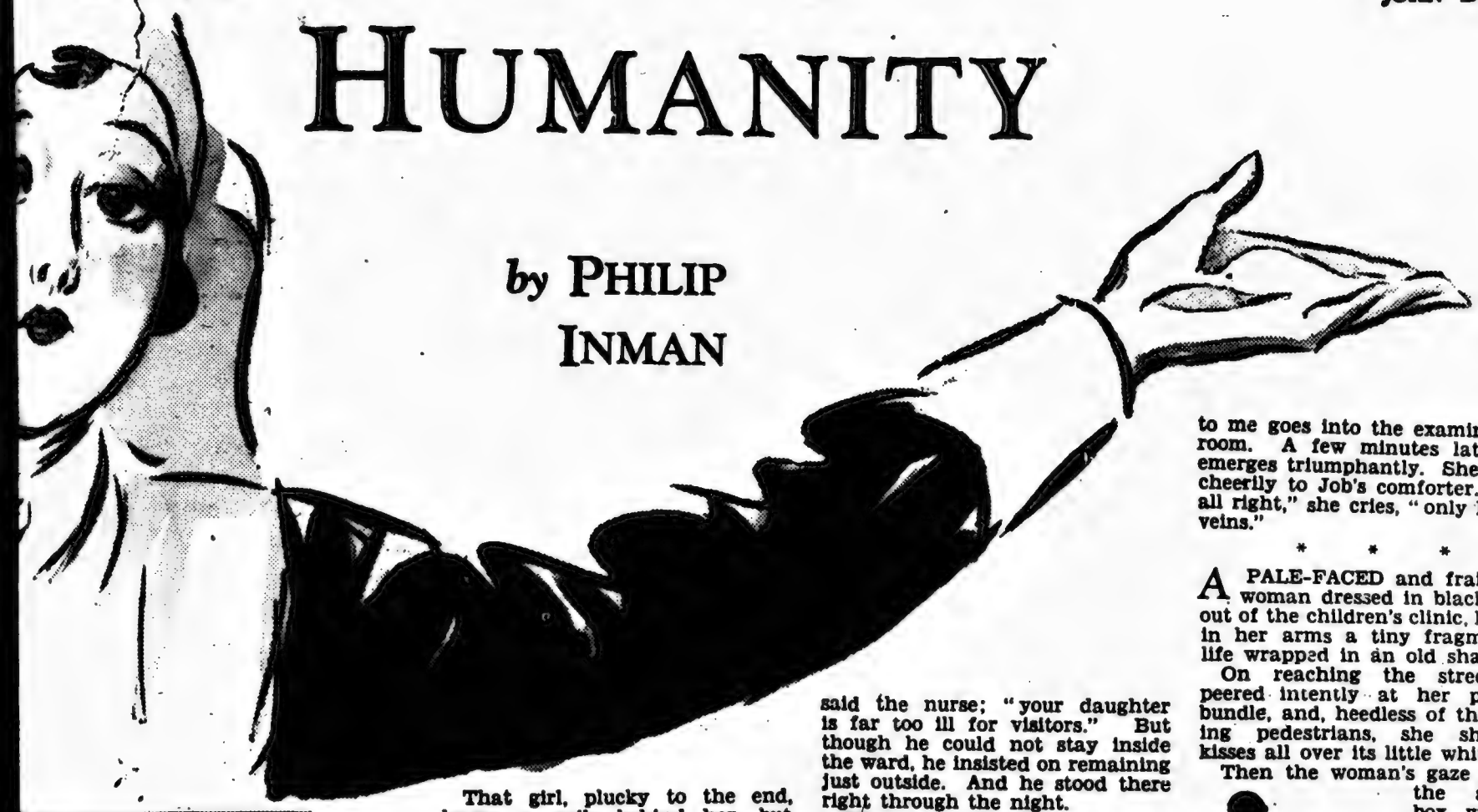
MR. PHILIP INMAN sho[w how the
whose lives have been s[aved whose
are for t[he ...inals. S[o
to-day, [we ...y be cas[t
then we[depend [on
and hos[pital too.

Wh[o ...nd out ou[r
they resp[ond When the
S.O.S. to[...ust respo[nd
Radio Co[rporation on pag[e
and plea[se ...portunity
£10,000, [and a week f[or
The e[nd ...is only si[x
is open to all. But to be in i[t ...st hurry.
March 21.

JOHN BULL readers, we k[now ...ll not allo[w
out an S.O.S. in vain. Every[...e is anot[her
war against disease and suff[ering ...nd thous[ands
needed.

HUMANITY

by PHILIP INMAN



OU MUST ANSWER

how the first thoughts of those nd whose bodies have been healed pitals. Strong, happy and healthy y be casualties to-morrow, and depend on doctors and nurses, m.

nd out our S.O.S. to the hospitals, When the hospitals send out *their* must respond in turn. The Great ion on pages 4 and 5 gives us an easy portunity to do it, to win a prize of a week for life, at the same time. is only sixpence and the contest st hurry. The contest closes on

ll not allow the hospitals to send e is another silver bullet in the nd thousands of sixpences are

through a girl—and she is just seventeen years old.

With auburn hair and large, sparkling eyes, she looks as though she had been made for life, for love, and for laughter.

Yet the doctors say that she cannot possibly live through the day.

Many a day have I stood by her bedside. That girl is of the stuff of which heroines are made.

Her pain at times must have been excruciating, and yet she never murmurs, she never complains.

Last Sunday she listened to the broadcast service, and in her sweet, girlish voice she joined in the singing of the last hymn. When she came to this verse her face became transformed:

"I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me."

When the service was over I asked her where she had learned to sing. She smiled, a beautiful smile. "In church," she answered, "you see, I'm in the choir."

Alas, the doctor's prophecy has come true. And Doris has just passed on. By her bedside still lingers her father and her mother. She was their only child.

That girl, plucky to the end, leaves a smile behind her, but there are tears in the eyes of that waiting, watching woman.

The husband takes her gently by the arm. "Come along, mother," he says tenderly; "we must show where Doris got her pluck."

Then, brushing away her tears and with head erect, that woman walks calmly out of the ward.

* * *

JEAN McPHERSON lived up to her name. Through her sojourn in the south her brogue had almost gone, but her heart was still in the Highlands. When someone on the wireless sang "Annie Laurie," her eyes filled with tears.

She had been a patient nearly three weeks when an operation was decided upon. "Pretty serious, I fear," said the surgeon; "her people ought to be informed."

But Jean shook her pretty head. "There's only the old dad," she said, "and he's right away in the glen up in Perthshire."

When the doctor had gone, she said to me: "It's no use sending for him. He's never been to London before."

With a sigh she added: "Besides, we quarrelled. He's never forgiven me. When ma mither died he lost all interest in everything. Hame was no' the same place, so I came awa." In her emotion she had lapsed into her native tongue.

And so that Scottish lassie was carried away for her operation without a hand clasp or a godspeed from a loved one.

That night there came upon the stillness a strange accent which vibrated through the ward. Jean McPherson opened her tired eyes. "It's dad," she whispered. And an old man came in.

A stranger visitor the hospital had never seen before. He had long, shaggy hair and a rugged face. He wore tartan trousers and a jacket of the roughest homespun, and he carried a black coat almost green with age.

"You can only stay a minute," said the nurse; "your daughter is far too ill for visitors." But though he could not stay inside the ward, he insisted on remaining just outside. And he stood there right through the night.

When I saw him the next morning I recalled something his daughter had said about him. "He's just like granite." And he looked it.

Not a sign of emotion could be seen on his brown, weather-beaten face.

But as the doctor went into the ward I saw a slight quivering of his lips and rudely he brushed away a stray tear as though ashamed of it.

A Sister came to tell him the news. "Weel," he asked, "and hoo's the lassie noo?"

"The doctor is more than pleased," he was told; "she ought soon to get strong again, especially if she can get some of the pure air of Scotland."

Reunion

The old man let himself go. "Scotland! Ay, I'll tak' her back wi' me." In his excitement he jumped to his feet and danced a few very shaky steps of the Highland fling.

The next minute he was by his daughter's bedside. "Ye'll come hame, lassie," was all he said. She smiled. "Ay, dad, gladly," was her answer.

* * *

TWO "close-ups" from the Out-patient Department.

I slipped quietly into a seat in the crowded room. A shudder went down my spine. All these folk were ill, and most of them looked it.

The woman next to me is talking to her neighbour. "My sister 'ad the same pain as you've got," I heard her say with a sniff; "and, poor thing, she just faded away."

The woman addressed looked at the speaker with eyes in which fear and dislike seemed about equal. "Perhaps my case will not be so bad," she murmered.

But Job's comforter was not to be outdone. "I expect it's the same," she went on; "low down on the left side, like a knife being stuck into yer."

"But it isn't my side, it's my leg," came the reply. But Job's comforter kept up the offensive. "Oh," she went on, "it's probably working downwards."

A bell rings. The woman next to me goes into the examination-room. A few minutes later she emerges triumphantly. She waves cheerily to Job's comforter. "It's all right," she cries, "only haricot veins."

* * *

A PALE-FACED and frail little woman dressed in black came out of the children's clinic, holding in her arms a tiny fragment of life wrapped in an old shawl.

On reaching the street she peered intently at her precious bundle, and, heedless of the passing pedestrians, she showered kisses all over its little white face.

Then the woman's gaze fell on the appeal-box which is fixed to the outside railings. For a moment she hesitated, and then started to fumble with her hand-bag. As though remembering her poverty, she turned her head and moved away.

A minute later she was back again. She took off a soiled glove from her hand, pulled a ring off her finger, and dropped it into the appeal box. It was her offering for the restoration of her child.

* * *

THE other day I went for a bus-man's holiday. I called to see a friend who is a doctor on the staff of another London hospital.

He took me into a ward where there is a magic window through which you can look a long way back—well into the last century.

"The Main Road Ward for Incurables" they called it, everyone in that hospital knows the significance of "Main Road." Once you pass over its threshold you will never go out again—alive.

You might expect to find such a place sordid and sad, but it is just the reverse. One patient in that ward has been there for forty years.

She recalls how one day Queen Victoria, when passing through the ward, chatted with her, and shook her by the hand.

Another patient is suffering from a severe throat affection. He has as his motto, "When you have a sore throat be glad you are not a giraffe."

Incurable, alas! yes—and incurably happy, most of them.

* * *

"THE High Lights of Humanity"—a fine title for a fine work. Our hospitals shine over life's sea with its currents of sickness, disease and death. And what shipwrecks they prevent!

Our greatest privilege is to keep those lights burning.

If you've never sat back and lit up a Manikin after the mid-day or evening meal, you have cheated yourself out of a lot of pleasure.

Manikins are one of life's little extra rewards—A real treat—A comforting relaxation after a busy morning or at the end of a tiring day. Manikin flavour will help you to forget your cares and troubles—It satisfies!

Mild, Mellow and Nutty, Manikins though so good are quite economical, and your tobacconist will know you for a judge of the good things of life every time you ask him for a packet.

MANIKIN
-CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save.
ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER
BEST & PUREST

Liam O'Flaherty,

the famous novelist, who combines writing with the arts of rearing Kerry goats and melodeon-playing, tells you the truth about the Blackbally murder in this, his contribution to our series of Real Life Stories.

The PROCLAMATION

"Blow him off the bike—then I'll polish him off"

SOME years ago, while the whole country was talking of the amazing circumstances connected with the Blackbally murder, the following statement was sent through the post to all the officials connected with the trial, to the leading newspapers of the country, and to the Ministry of Justice.

As the extraordinary document, in my opinion, tells the story of the murder with remarkable clarity, I give it here in full, without any further comment on my part.

* * *

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I, John Francis Considine, Brigade Commandant, here lay the whole facts of the case before the public in order to defend my good name and the good name of my family and all connected with me, as soldiers and otherwise.

My father was a respected butcher in our town, and I received a good education. As far as I know, there was never a charge of any crime whatsoever laid at the door of any member of my family.

I distinguished myself in the national movement, and during the wars of liberation rose to the rank of Brigade Commandant, rank corresponding to that of Brigadier-General in the British Army.

I made myself famous in the three neighbouring counties by acts of heroism.

Then came the Civil War, where I faithfully served the new government, defending the honour of the nation against her internal enemies.

But during these latter alarums and excursions, as the saying is, like many another poor fellow, I got too fond of the drink—the curse of God on it, it has ruined many a man.

So the prime boys wouldn't have anything to do with me after the war was over. They chucked me a couple of hundred quid and told me to get into my civilian pants.

Young scuts that never fired a shot and other fountain-pen warriors that served on the so-called staff are now up in Dublin drinking the champagne that men like me earned for them, while good men like myself are hiding in dug-outs with a price on our heads.

What was there left for me to do but drink in the hotel and talk to the boys? So the money went and very shortly I found myself drinking on tick and thinking of going to America.

Well! One evening, and I in this state of mind, a man came into the smug of the hotel and found me sitting there alone. He was James Finnigan, formerly connected with the Royal Irish Constabulary as a sergeant.

That he was allowed to live in the district, on terms of human equality with the people, after his association with that fell body, can be explained by the fact that he was understood to have served within the police as a spy for the national forces.

Whether he was or not I cannot say. But in any case, a spy is a spy, and that is all there is to it. I never had any time for him, with his pointed moustaches and his skinny face and ferret eyes.

He often used to sidle up to me, trying to make friends, but I generally kept him at a distance.

THIS time, anyway, I was broke and I had a thirst on me. So when he asked me to have one I hadn't the heart to say no.

We got talking, and after five or six drinks—you know the state a man gets into—I practically forgot who he was.

He was edging me along nicely, talking about how badly I was treated and the rest of it. Then finally he began to tell me the position he was in himself.

"Jack," said he, "I wish I had your courage with a gun. There's only one way I can get myself out of the fix I am in, and that's by creasing somebody I won't name."

"Good God!" I said.

(*Continued on page 26*)

IT'S A SUMMIT 1931 BONUS AWARD

An amazing instrument!
An outstanding offer!

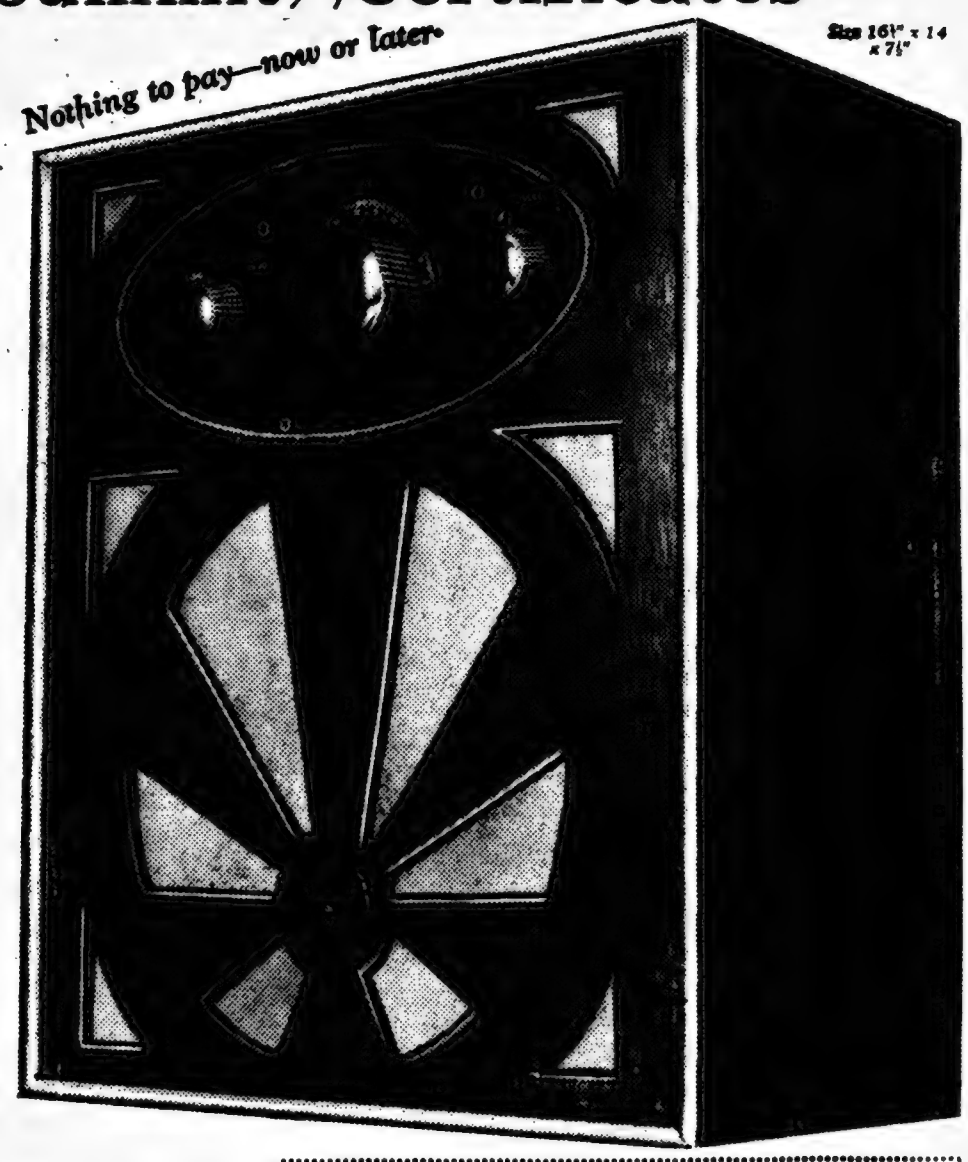
The International 'FIVE'

Portable Wireless Set, including five valves, battery, accumulator—yours for

1,000

Summit Certificates

Nothing to pay—now or later.



Size 16½" x 14 x 7½"

You wouldn't think of going to a music hall and missing half the turns. So why miss half the turns the wireless will bring to you, every day of the year, *from breakfast time until long after the B.B.C. stations have closed down?*

Now, every home in the land can enjoy the B.B.C. programmes AND the pick of the Continental programmes on a new, extra-powerful instrument—the 'International Five.'

The 'International Five' would cost from £10 to £12 to buy—but, by special arrangement, it is being supplied FREE in exchange for 1,000 Summit Bonus Certificates.

Never before in all the history of cigarette coupon schemes has so generous an offer been made. When the proprietors of Summit Virginia commissioned a leading firm of wireless engineers to produce this set, they made four stipulations:

1. **You must make a set that will provide listeners with the choice of at least three British programmes and the pick of Continental programmes.**
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Send this coupon (½d. stamp if sent in unsealed envelope) to International Tobacco Co. Ltd., Dept. 7, 338-346 Goswell Road, London, E.C.1

Please send me FREE, the famous 1931 Summit Bonus Book, showing nearly 300 articles, AND FIVE COMPLIMENTARY CERTIFICATES.

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POST TO-DAY!

SOME DECEPTIONS AMUSE

but others confuse

Deceptions of the amusing kind help to make life joyous, but which smoker *wants* to be deceived in his Tobacco? If you smoke a perfumed Tobacco or a flavoured Tobacco you ought to know *why* "perfumes" and "flavourings" are used.

Good tobacco has no use for them. Cheap Tobaccos made from harsh, crude leaf *need* the "doctoring" they so often get. Ordinarily, a natural "undoctored" Tobacco comes near the 1/- per ounce class . . . in the new RUBICON MIXTURE you *now* have a natural Tobacco of this 1/- type at 8½d. per ounce.

(13b)

Made by John Sinclair Limited Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Proclamation—*Continued from page 24*

"It's the God's truth I'm telling you," he said. "I'm in debt up to my eyes with the developments I made on that farm I bought, and that foreman of mine is taking this very moment to press me for his wages, amounting to one hundred and ten quid."

They were the words he used. The infernal cheek of the man having a farm anyway! But what with the drink and everything else, I listened to him.

"Couldn't you put him off," said I, "with a few quid or something?"

"Not a penny less will he take than the full amount," said Finnigan.

I DID my best, drunk as I was, to put him off the deed he contemplated, but you might as well look for mercy from a stone. He was intent on the man's death. So finally he said to me:

"I know I can rely on you, Jack, to keep the matter a secret if the proposition I'm going to make doesn't appeal to you."

"I'm not an informer," said I.

"Well! It's this way," he said. "I know Dillon is determined to ruin me. He wants to drive me and my wife and kids off that farm and take it for himself. It's either him or me for it. He must be got rid of."

"How?" said I.

"Well!" he said. "I'm a poor man, but I could scrape together twenty-five quid for the man that would crease Dillon."

I was so muddled with drink—God forgive me—that I didn't strike him where he sat, and, of course, there was no question of exposing his plot.

I had no witnesses, even if I wanted to go to the police with the story, something that was far from my mind. So what could I do?

"I'll do it for ye," said I, before I knew what I was saying.

He gripped my hand and almost went on his knees to thank me, talking about his wife and children.

HE never thought of the fact that Dillon had a wife and children, too. Neither did I until after, but I was muddled with drink.

In any case we drew up a plan of campaign, and decided that the job was to be done at an agreed spot, where Dillon was in the habit of passing on his bicycle.

He handed me over ten quid, and the remainder was to be paid as soon as the job was done.

Then we had more drinks, and we parted for the night, I being in a state of intoxication.

Next morning I awoke with a bad head, and the first thing that came to my mind was the murder of Tommy Dillon which I had bargained to perform for Finnigan.

There and then, I decided to place the matter in the hands of Sergeant Kane, of the Civic Guards, coming to the conclusion that Finnigan was a man of criminal inclination and a danger to the community.

So I went up to the barracks, brought the sergeant to one side, and told him all about it.

"We've got him," cried Kane, slapping his thigh. "We've got him now, if we manage it properly."

"How d'ye mean?" said I.

"That dirty blackguard, Finnigan," said he. "We have our knife in him. He's eaten up with envy of the Guards, so he goes around saying our discipline is nothing compared to that of the old R.I.C. We'll settle him.

"You go ahead now and go out with him to-night, just the same as if nothing transpired here between us."

"Good God!" said I. "Sergeant Kane, is it inciting me to murder you are?"

"Shut your big mouth," said Kane. "It's nothing of the kind. Sure you need only hit him in the legs or just fire in the air, provided—

"Wait a minute. I have a better idea. We'd better take Tommy Dillon himself in on this, too."

Good Lord! I began to get terrified.

"Oh!.... Look here now, sergeant," said I. "This is getting a bit thick for me. I don't want to be in a conspiracy.

"If you fellows are trying to hang Finnigan, let it be done fair and square. Or if you want to plug him, go to his house and do it, while he's on his own floor.

"Take him out of bed, give him a chance to say his prayers, and ram it into him in the old style. I'll have no hand or part in it."

"You will, by God," he said, "or I'll write a report to headquarters about the statement you made here this morning."

We very near came to blows, for I'll take cheek from no man, much less a big tub of beef like Paddy Kane.

But, anyway, we served on the same flying column together at the start of the trouble in the old times, so that was all there was to it. I agreed to do what he told me.

During the day, we saw Tommy Dillon privately in a house up the road, and we put the case before him. It was all we could do to prevent Tommy from going after Finnigan on the spot with a pitchfork.

Poor Tommy, he wasn't a bad old skin, and I'm sorry the way it turned out for him, but it was all Kane's fault, not to mention the murderer Finnigan.

In any case, I'm paying the piper. No matter how it goes, it's exile for me. But the truth must be stated and my honour vindicated.

NEXT WEEK'S TRUE STORY:—

DRAMA in *Rum Row and the ship that vanished—*

THE "NATALIE" MYSTERY

by David Bernard

"DON'T you do nothing of the kind, Tommy," said Kane, when the lad was talking of the pitchfork.

"You'd only get hung for killing him, and we'd be dragged in, too, for it would come out in evidence that we told you about his plot."

"I'm agreed," said Tommy at last.

Then we made our plans. The sergeant and two men were to lie in hiding on one side of the road, at the spot I had chosen.

Finnigan and myself were to be on the other side. Tommy was to come along on his bicycle. And it all turned out as arranged.

I met Finnigan after nightfall and we went along. He had a shot-gun slung in parts under his overcoat, and I was carrying my automatic. We took up our position.

After about a quarter of an hour—the night was fairly dark—we saw Tommy's bicycle-lamp in the distance, and he came along whistling to himself. I suppose he had the wind up in any case.

"Come on, Finnigan," said I. "We'd better go out on the road and stop him for fear we might miss in the bad light."

He was all excitement, and I could feel him trembling beside me. He was a cowardly man in any case. So we stepped out of the hedge without a word, just as Tommy was coming up.

"Blow him off the bike," said I to Finnigan, as we came out; "then I'll polish him off."

Just at that moment, Sergeant Kane jumped up from behind the other side of the road and cried:

"Hands up, Finnigan, or I'll shoot you where you stand."

Tommy Dillon dismounted and stood there in the middle of the road.

FINNIGAN gave me one look—I'll never forget it—and then, as quick as lightning, he turned his shot-gun on me, cried out, "You wretched informer," and fired.

In his excitement and the darkness, he missed me, though I got a few grains in the shoulder. Then he turned and ran at Tommy.

God! I thought a red-hot iron bar was poked into my chest at that word "informer," so I just took aim at him and blazed away.

The fool Tommy Dillon, instead of running away, had made a drive for Finnigan, as the latter approached.

Poor Tommy's anger got the better of him. It was all a mix-up; but this is how it turned out.

Finnigan emptied his second barrel right into Tommy's face and almost blew off his head, and I struck Finnigan, with the second round I fired, straight in the heart, as luck would have it. He deserved it, but I'd rather somebody else did it.

In any case, I was only trying to save Tommy's life. There they were, both dead. Sergeant Kane came up to me and said, after we had examined the corpses:

"I'm sorry, Jack, but I'll have to place you under arrest."

"I'll see you to hell first," I said, "after you being responsible for the whole mess."

So I struck him in the face with the muzzle of my gun and floored him.

"The first man that moves a hand," I cried to the other two Guards, covering them, "I'll shoot him dead."

Then I picked up Tommy's bicycle and rode away.

That's the full story of the events leading up to the trial that has brought no credit to anyone, least of all to the accused, not in custody.

And I may tell all whom it may concern that the said accused is not going to be in custody as long as he and his faithful friends have got a round of ammunition left.

Indeed, I see now that the whole thing was a plot against me as well as against Finnigan. May God have mercy on the souls of those that were unfortunately made the victims of this miscarriage of justice.

I make a final appeal to my fellow countrymen and women, to see that the bloodhounds of injustice are taken off my tracks, and to remember at this late hour the unfortunate man known as John Francis Considine, late Brigade Commandant and a soldier of the people, who served his country faithfully and deserves a better reward than the gallows.

(Signed) JOHN FRANCIS CONSIDINE,
Brigade Commandant
(in hiding).

* * *

NATURALLY, this astonishing document was never printed by any of the journals to which it was submitted.

I myself was permitted to read a copy by a friend who was connected with the trial; but that was quite recently. At that time I could barely recall the case.

Considine was never found, and indeed I might never have taken the trouble to publish the matter had I not recently met in New York a man who had seen Considine there.

He told me that the former Brigade Commandant looked exceedingly prosperous and happy.

The DANGER MONTH

Winter is nearing its close. Now is the time when you must exercise especial care. Colds, Influenza, lack of sunshine, have left you weak and depressed. You can so easily fall a victim to serious chest and lung troubles during treacherous March. Safeguard yourself with a glass or two of Hall's Wine every day throughout the month. *This is the finest of all precautions.*

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let a trial tube convince you

WHEN we tell you that Palmolive Shaving Cream is the fastest selling shaving cream in the world—it is only another way of describing its superiority.

Our 68-year-old laboratories asked 1,000 men to tell them what they considered constituted the ideal shaving preparation. The net summary of our research resulted in us experimenting with a shaving cream which embodied an olive oil principle which would play a prominent part in easing the action of the razor blade. After 129 attempts the 130th proved successful.

Palmolive Shaving Cream embodies these 5 unique features which have overcome the main objection men have had to old-fashioned methods. Our records tell us that 87 men in every 100 who give this preparation a test adopt it permanently. We want to increase this number and therefore we ask you to post the coupon below for a 7-shave trial tube. We want you to test Palmolive for yourself before you buy; upon your decision rests our future goodwill.

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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One man alone decides whether the dread notice shall be posted on the prison gate—

WEAK PLANKS ON THE Gallows

—Mr. Clynes, Home Secretary, whose responsibility is a "hateful thing"

IS it possible, under the law of murder existing in this country to-day, for an innocent person to be hanged? If it is, then the law, as it has stood for centuries, must be instantly revised.

It is not a question of denouncing or upholding the death penalty; nor does the present uneasiness of the public mind betoken maudlin sympathy with the assassin.

Yet many people are far from satisfied with the existing method of conducting murder trials.

Several notorious trials within the past few years have exposed clumsy defects calling for immediate redress.

Consider, to begin with, the preliminary proceedings before the magistrates who are to decide whether an accused person is to be committed for trial

It is all very well to say that the jurors who are finally to try the prisoner are not present at these preliminary hearings. But they read the newspapers, and in a notorious case are familiar with everything that has been said before the justices.

It points to something clearly wrong when the judge at a murder trial has to tell the members of the jury to "dismiss from their minds" all that they have read about the earlier police-court proceedings.

Plain remedies

Far worse is it when, as in the Rouse case, the jury are told that evidence given against the prisoner in the police-court was illegally admitted, and that, although in all likelihood they have read every word of it in the Press, they must "pay no attention to it at all."

The remedies are plain.

The preliminary police-court hearing should be in private, as it is to-day in Scotland, where no prisoner can complain of prejudice imported into his trial through premature publicity.

Failing this, it should be the law of the land that every bench of magistrates, at any rate when major felonies are under investigation, should be presided over by an experienced lawyer.

In murder trials, however, far the better course would be to cut the police-court proceedings as short as possible and conduct them behind closed doors.

Further, there is the grave risk of injustice involved when a coroner's inquest is related to a possible murder charge.

Three years ago Mrs. Beatrice Pace was found guilty by the coroner's jury of wilful murder.

When she was prosecuted by the Solicitor-General upon the fact which had transpired at the inquest, the assize jury was finally directed by the judge to discharge the prisoner *because there was not a scrap of legal evidence to connect her with her husband's death.*

A year later much the same thing happened—although the scandal did not go quite so far—in the case of the inquest upon a murdered Reading shopkeeper, at which one of the principal witnesses was an actor, Mr. Philip Yale Drew.

The public danger is that the coroner's court is bound by no laws of evidence, that there is none of the safeguards enjoyed by a prisoner pleading innocence in a court of justice, and that mere hearsay and gossip are accepted so long as they have the slightest bearing upon the possible cause of death.

As a result, the widest publicity having been given to the inquest proceedings, the accused may stand fatally prejudiced at his trial.

Mercy means mercy

In the Pace case the vigilance of Mr. Justice Horridge averted what might have been a horrible miscarriage of justice.

As regards the final trial of an alleged murderer at the assizes, there is room for improvement in the jury system.

In the civil courts, where important commercial issues are involved, it is allowable for either party to demand a "special jury."

Surely only very special juries should be called upon to decide the awful issue of life and death.

Also, if the jury adds to its verdict a recommendation to mercy, then surely this should have the effect of averting the death penalty.

Indeed, there is much to be said for allowing the judges, in their discretion, to pass lesser sentences than that of death upon convicted murderers.

Such mitigations of the supreme penalty would in many cases satisfy the public sense of justice far more effectually than the present hole-and-corner system of reprieve by the exercise of the Royal Prerogative.

Certainly no judge should ever be compelled to go through the horrible farce of sentencing a person to be "hanged by the neck till he"—or more often she—"is dead," when he knows, as everyone in court knows, except perhaps the swooning prisoner in the dock, that no such atrocity will ever be perpetrated.

There is little fault to be found with the working of the Court of Criminal Appeal, except that its powers might with advantage be expanded.

At present the judges of the Appeal Court have no power to set aside a jury's verdict, except on grounds of law, unless it is "against the weight of evidence," but there is a good deal of misconception as to what this phrase means.

Actually, the interpretation of the judges themselves is that they will not upset the verdict of a jury unless it is so rankly opposed to the evidence that no reasonable body of men and women, acting in good faith, could have found such a verdict at all.

Man of life and death

And they are still further hindered in murder appeals. In cases of arson, burglary, or rape, they may, if they choose, reduce the sentence.

In the case of a murderer, though they may think there are circumstances which should save him from hanging, they have no power to remit the penalty of death.

The last word is with the Home Secretary, who, if he chose, could reprieve every convicted murderer. The theory of the Royal Prerogative is a transparent fiction.

Ultimately the fate of every individual sentenced to death in these days depends not upon the jury who condemned him, nor the judge who sentenced him, nor the Court of Criminal Appeal.

It depends upon the Home Secretary.

Naturally, he consults whom he chooses. No doubt Sir Ernley Blackwell, his principal legal adviser, has much to say in the matter.

Hateful responsibility

Frequently the judge who presided at the trial is called into conference, the Lord Chief Justice perhaps, and others besides—a strange, secret conclave, vested with terrible responsibility.

The power of reprieve should be distributed more widely, vested in some kind of committee commanding public confidence. Public opinion would approve the change.

It must be a hateful thing for any man to feel that he shares with the hangman the last revolting act in the drama which begins in the police court and ends in the execution-shed.

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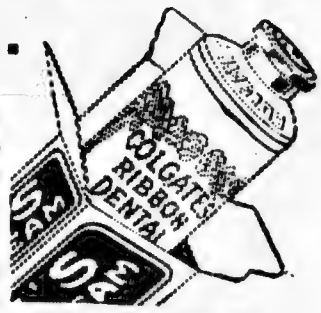

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Mrs. Fahey reports:—"Baby had a dreadful attack of croup and we got the doctor. Under his directions, we rubbed her with Vick brand Vapour-Rub and he said that the results were wonderful. She soon went to sleep and woke in the morning well."

Rubbed on the throat and chest "Vick" gives quick relief for spasmodic croup; being used externally, it is safe for the youngest child.

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Regular size now only 2/-; half size 1/3, at all chemists.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB
Best for Children's Colds

THE PRINCE on the Job

The Prince in the news-pictures. From the left: arriving at Bermuda; reviewing the troops at Callao, Peru; playing golf at Panama and drinking a toast at Lima

THE Yankees have the credit of being the most pushful people in the world. From what is said and seen on talkies their commercial travellers are the only ones who can sell a manicure set to a savage or a ham polony to a potentate who is forbidden to eat pig.

Is that so? We doubt it.

Do not let us get too dignified about royalties. The Prince of Wales is definitely selling goods in South America. He will open the British Empire Trade Exhibition at Buenos Ayres, Argentina, on March 14.

Wherever the idea came from that an exhibition should be held in that great and prosperous country it is a good one.

It also suggests that, instead of being shy and retiring in our ways, we have given a world-lead to Uncle Sam of America and Brother Fritz of Germany.

We are holding an exhibition of our goods in the capital of a foreign country.

YOU will hear people say that the idea is logical and sound because we developed the Argentine and that £600,000,000 of British money is invested there.

The truth is that British goods, apart from those sold through the ring of controlled firms who buy direct from a London syndicate, are losing popularity in Argentina.

Uncle Sam and Fritz—quiet, persistent Fritz—have simply taken away the business.

They have been steadily active. And the birds and eggs in this nest are worth just about a thousand million pounds a year.

Now you will understand why the Prince has been brushing up his Spanish talk.

You will see, too, how keen he is on his job, how he has written out his speech dozens of times until it fits the moment—and the size of the programme which will be in the hands of those who see and hear him.

That great sunshine crowd in their light clothes and summery hats at Buenos Ayres will hear him at the moment when you are "listening" in a room warmed by a late winter or early spring fire.

But so that you may get some idea of the life-swirl at the vast Buenos Ayres showground we will draw a simple picture.

The exhibition will be held in the grounds of the Argentine Rural Society, the heart of Buenos Ayres—something like Hyde Park in London. There are acres of lawns and tree-shaded avenues.

All but a few of the old showground fixtures were swept away by the scenic transformers, and in their place has arisen a semblance of Old England.

CATTLE-SHEDS have been replaced by a lovely façade of Hampton Court Palace. There are Norman and Tudor strongholds which seem to have been transported by magic across the Atlantic.

Then comes trade into the pageant.

There are sixteen pavilions altogether, with a floor-space of 325,000 feet. Before they realised the power of the Prince as trade pusher only a third of this expanse had been arranged.

Doubt as to the exact amount of support the exhibition would obtain has been the bugbear of the organisers throughout.

In planning an exhibition the most essential thing is balance—that every kind of trade should be represented in its right proportion and that the business side should not outweigh the amusement section, or *vice versâ*.

The result ultimately proved satisfactory. The motor trade, for instance, which has one of the most attractive exhibits, at one time turned down the scheme altogether.

Twenty makes of car are being shown.

There are only two other collective exhibits, those of the Federation of British Industries and the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths. The Goldsmiths' exhibit provides an amazing display of plate in the museum.

Most British manufacturers, however, have scorned co-operative effort and preferred to stand alone in the old individualistic fashion.

Nor was there much success with the Dominions, only Canada showing sufficient interest to send an exhibit.

The British Government, however, has a pavilion (No. 7), where a most fascinating show is being staged.

A pageant of ships from the dawn of English history to the present day is backed by another representing the art of printing, including such treasures as first folios of the Bible and Shakespeare.

The history of the aeroplane is also pictured, and British speed supremacy on land, sea and air is driven home to a visitor's mind by the engine of the last Schneider Cup winner's seaplane.

Later, it is hoped, *Miss England II.*, which is expected to beat the world record on the River Plate, will be exhibited.

Textiles, which at one time looked like being the greatest disappointment, are now fairly well represented, which is all to the good, for they comprise a considerable proportion of our export trade to South America.

As much as 150,000,000 square yards of piece goods, worth four million pounds, and a million pounds of finished thread are sent there in an average year.

Engineering, building and transport exhibits fill three pavilions, and the remainder is made up of the hundred and one articles of general use in which this country can compete successfully with the world.

Though commercial exhibits are the backbone of the exhibition, the amusement section is of almost equal importance in attracting the pleasure-loving Latin-American population.

MOST of the stunt machines familiar to Wembley visitors will provide gentle thrills for the million to a million and a half people who are expected to pass the turnstiles in six weeks.

The Argentine Government has been most helpful in waiving obstacles to the success of the exhibition.

Special legislation was passed to protect exhibitors' trade-marks; free samples and catalogues are admitted without duty, and, though the food laws are strict, no analysis is required of any article unless it is intended to be put on the Argentine market.

With all these advantages, and the fact that costs have been kept to a minimum owing to the wise decision that no profit shall accrue to any individual or body, the exhibition promises to be a gigantic success.

It means new orders for the factories of Great Britain, and another nail in the coffin of trade depression.

"Attention to this detail means so much to your baby"

says

NURSE H. M. YORK, C.M.B.

When baby is kept comfortable this way, he's seldom fretful

"CHAFING means cruel discomfort for a baby," says Nurse H. M. York, whose capable hands have cared for hundreds of tiny lives.

"Yet it may occur in spite of the daily bath and regularly changed napkins.

"That is why I urge mothers to keep a supply of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly always at hand. A little smeared on lightly every time baby is changed, and *always* after his bath, protects his skin against irritating moisture and keeps it smooth and comfortable. If chafing has already occurred, the 'Vaseline' Jelly lubricates the sore surface and hastens natural healing.

"This care costs so little, is so little trouble — yet means so much to a baby's comfort!"

"Vaseline" Jelly is obtainable at all chemists and stores in jars, tins and tubes. Two kinds — yellow and white. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., London.

Trade Vaseline Mark
Petroleum Jelly

YOU CAN EASILY EARN £10 AND MORE WEEKLY AS A CHIROPODIST

My Correspondence Course and Diploma (D.B.S.C.) will enable you to enter this unoccupied profession. Let me train you in your spare time, privately, quickly and efficiently. Write to Mr. R. T. RICH, Chemist and Chiropodist, 39 (C), High Street, SWANSEA. (Est. 25 years.)

Now bigger!

CADBURYS

2D BAR OF MILK CHOCOLATE

HALF A CUP OF FULL CREAM MILK IN EVERY 2D BAR

THE RAT PERIL

The peril of the rat need threaten you no longer. Banish it quickly and cleanly with Liverpool Virus —give your food and health sure protection. Harmless to human beings and domestic animals.

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

Drives rats and mice outdoors to die—They dry up. No smell.

Of all chemists: Mice 1/6 & 2/6. Rats 2/6 & 6/-. Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd., 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

31a

SELFRIDGE'S

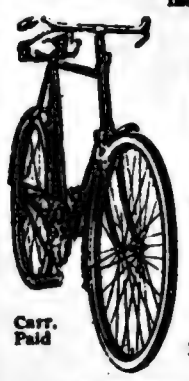
CHROMIUM PLATED CYCLE

Every component part of this 1931 Model is British made and is therefore of thoroughly reliable quality. It is excellently finished in Black Enamel and all bright parts are finished CHROMIUM PLATE.

COMPARE THIS SPECIFICATION

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES
CHAIN British Best Roller ½ in. × ¼ in. Pitch
LYCETT'S 3 Coiled Spring Saddle
2 ROLLER LEVER BRAKES

Pump, Tool-bag, Tools, Oiler and Reflector included free.



Carr. Paid

6/- NOW

And 14 Monthly payments of 6/- completes purchase.

CASH PRICE £3.17.6

Women's Model £4.5.0

Deposit 6/6 and 14 Monthly payments of 6/6.

Send for Illustrated List to Department J.B.

SELFRIDGE & CO. Ltd. OXFORD ST., LONDON.

Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It!

"I was almost bald," writes Miss Annie Thompson.

"I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"At last I was advised to try Kotalko, and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened. It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired.

"I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently, for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

Test Box If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (S3 SK), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name.....

Address .....

FREEING THE HOUSE SLAVES

**BUYING IS SAVING—
RENTING IS SPENDING**

Home-owning is sound business. Yet it needed the stimulus of a Great War to demonstrate the fact to a community that had slavishly adhered to the old-fashioned methods of its forefathers.

When the war ended and the boys came back there were not sufficient homes to go round. With the abnormal demand rents rose prohibitively. Building began on a big scale, but builders had to *sell* to find capital for extension. And not every home-seeker had the fluid cash to *buy* outright.

FINDING THE MONEY.

That is exactly where the Co-operative Permanent Building Society comes in. It offers to find that cash and to advance it on terms which make home-owning not merely desirable, but actually a saving. Under its terms it is cheaper to *buy* your house than to rent it. And if you improve it you—and not the landlord—will reap the benefit.

That is one of the glories of being the owner of your home. You can do as you like with your own. You are free from hateful restrictions. You can scheme and carry out necessary changes, knowing full well that every well thought-out improvement becomes an asset which, if ever you want to sell, you can turn into cash.

No haggling with parsimonious landlords over repairs, while the house is steadily deteriorating. You tackle every problem as it arises ; you take it, as it were, in your stride.

NOT A LEAP IN THE DARK.

You are not plunging into the unknown. The Co-operative Permanent has enabled many thousands of tenants to become their own landlords. Each of them has now a little corner of England that is all his very own. And you will join that happy multitude.

The first step is to write—do it now while you are in the mood—for particulars of the new proposals under which a very large proportion of the purchase money is advanced on approved properties, and repayments, which include capital and interest, may be spread over a lengthy period. They will astonish you. Co-operative Permanent Building Society, New Oxford House, Hart Street, W.C.1.

PANGS OF NEURALGIA CEASE

Those agonising pains in your face and neck generally come from your being run down. Bodily debility brings nervous debility too. That's why thousands of sufferers have found immediate relief through taking that tried old remedy Wincarnis.

Wincarnis—the purest wine with added beef extract and vitamin malt extract—will calm those irritated nerves almost overnight. In fact, you'll feel the benefit with your very first glass. Wincarnis actually makes new blood, restores the tissues and tones up the whole of your system.

If you know the terrors of neuralgia, if you are weak, nervy or run-down, try Wincarnis to-day. Take 3 glasses a day, at 11, 3.30 and before you go to bed, and amazingly soon you'll feel the difference. The pains will go, every nerve will be toned up, you will be brighter, better, fitter in every way.

FREE

5 CERTIFICATES & FREE GIFT BOOK

Containing over 300 useful articles given in exchange for Certificates from Summit Cigarettes.

SIMPLY FILL IN THE COUPON ON PAGE 25,

which will also bring you particulars of the amazing offer of a Free 5-Valve Portable Wireless, *including* Valves, Battery and Accumulator.

Nothing to Pay—now or later on !

POST THE COUPON NOW!

½d. stamp in unsealed envelope.

SHARKS in Skirts

"To Mrs. Jones the temptation is almost irresistible"

AN ugly feature of modern life is the way that women prey upon women. Amongst the worst of these female sharks is the unregistered woman moneylender.

In the poorer districts of our great cities these harpies are swarming everywhere, peddling small loans at exorbitant rates of interest in the streets, at cottage doors, in public-house bars.

The legal requirement that every moneylender must be licensed by the Inland Revenue authorities is flatly ignored by these female usurers, nor do they pay the slightest respect to the Moneylenders Act of 1928, by which the legal rate of interest is limited to 48 per cent.

A widow at Battersea, prosecuted not long ago for lending another woman two or three pounds without a licence, the interest being at the rate of 450 per cent., pleaded that she had merely "obliged a friend."

Very often, in fact, it is under the pretence of friendship that these swindling transactions are begun. Among the poor, domestic disasters are seldom hidden.

The price they pay

If Mr. Jones is out of work, and poor Mrs. Jones hard put to it to feed and clothe her family, the news is pretty certain to reach the ears of kind Mrs. Smith, whose business in life it is to tide her neighbours over bad times—at a price.

A hint is dropped, and the women meet.

To Mrs. Jones, who has always "kept respectable," the temptation of £2 in ready money, when things are bad, is almost irresistible. Besides, any day her man may find a job again.

After all, the interest is so trifling. Perhaps only a shilling a week for each pound borrowed. Exactly 260 per cent. per annum, five times the maximum interest permitted under the Moneylenders Act!

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon people who have borrowed money in this way that the highest interest the moneylender can lawfully charge is 2½d. a week for every pound lent.

Yet at Greenwich not long ago a woman applying for a licence as a moneylender was ignorant enough, or impudent enough, to tell the magistrate that she understood the Moneylenders Act, and believed herself entitled to interest at the rate of 2s. a week for each pound—520 per cent. in a year.

There are worse abuses still.

In hard-pressed industrial districts money is frequently lent in shillings rather than pounds, with interest perhaps at a penny in the shilling for a week.

There is also the addition of odd "fees" of threepence or so if it is desired to renew the loan for more than seven days.

So simple it all looks, so easy and cheap; yet in reality it is an excess of usury which might make Shylock blush.

Look at it this way: If a poor housewife borrows three shillings for a week and finds herself unable to pay it back till four weeks have elapsed, she will have paid one shilling in interest, another shilling for the weekly renewals, in addition to the original loan of three shillings which she must now repay.

2,000 per cent.!

Work out these figures on the annual basis, and we get the modest figure of 2,000 per cent. If there are any other words for this than daylight robbery they are unfit to print.

The blackest scandals of all occur when blackmail goes hand in hand with usury.

At Chatham recently an unregistered moneylender, the wife of a local fisherman, was brought before the magistrates on a charge of failing to take out the necessary licence.

Her excuse was the usual one that she had not thought this formality necessary, seeing that her loan-peddling was a friendly sort of business, confined to neighbours who knew that she generally had a pound or two put by for other people's rainy days.

The prosecuting authorities, however, put the matter in a different way.

There was the plainest proof that she had been systematically preying on other married women, offering when they were in trouble to lend them money upon extortionate terms.

For one loan of £7 a sum of £55 1s. had been repaid.

If borrowers were slack in their payments, the interest often amounting to over 1,000 per cent., she was in the habit of threatening to inform their husbands or to summon them in a court of law.

A few more sharp warnings like that uttered the other day by Mr. Clarke Hall, the Old Street magistrate, might have a wholesome effect.

It had been stated that two women before him in the dock, upon a charge of false pretences, had first got into trouble through dealings with unregistered moneylenders, whereupon Mr. Clarke Hall remarked:

"If the Inland Revenue authorities will take the trouble to find out the people who are carrying on this illegitimate business, I for one will do my best to see that they are properly punished.

Jail the remedy

"The law provides for a maximum fine of £100 in such cases, and I should certainly exact very substantial penalties.

"Unregistered moneylenders are ruining hundreds of women in this district, while I am informed that most of these pests themselves are women."

Will fines meet the case?

Many who know the facts are of opinion that when an unregistered moneylender is found to have practised extortion bordering upon theft and tainted with blackmail, the right place for that man, or for a woman either, is in jail.

The evil is rife in workshops, factories, stores, wherever large numbers of men and women congregate.

There is no friendliness about it. It is sheer commercial moneylending with the only difference that since the lender has no licence, it is a legal offence.

In many factories, women moneylenders particularly can be seen on pay-nights, lurking in the corridors and cloakrooms with pad and pencil to levy their illegal toll.

Tell the police!

Failure to pay is followed by a threat of exposure to the employer. Simple people are frightened and will starve themselves to meet each weekly demand.

If they were wiser, they would pay back what they had borrowed as soon as possible, and communicate with the police.

When there is genuine need a honest loan from a friend, or even from a pawnbroker on security, at a fair rate of interest, may be a legitimate resort, but these harpies of the back streets deserve neither thanks nor sympathy.

Race with "Silver Ring"

ENTER Czecho-Slovakia

EXCEPTIONAL interest will be taken this week-end in the Hurst Park Trial 'Chase, the last of the Aintree tests, for Captain Popler, a Czecho-Slovakian Army officer, will probably ride his own horse, Gyi Lovam.

The gelding would have made his first appearance in England in the Grand Allies 'Chase at Manchester, but, unfortunately, snow caused this event and others to be abandoned.

Last season his victory in the Pardubitizer 'Chase, an event of just on four and a half miles, put Captain Popler top of the winning owners and trainers.

Before crossing to England Gyi Lovam was subjected to a course of training over jumps similar to those at Aintree.

From information received I am still of the opinion that backers of Africorn each-way for the "Lincoln" will not regret a modest wager.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 12, to Wednesday, March 18:—

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K

V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

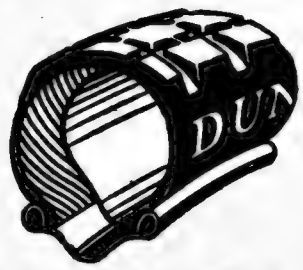
X97O98XCIXC8 would read EASTER HERO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

DJO95X2 would read BURGEE.

"SILVER RING."

An oversize tyre for cyclists



The DUNLOP OVERSIZE CYCLE TYRE

is the most comfortable in the world.

Designed to be used at low pressures, the Dunlop Oversize gives extraordinary comfort with a high average speed even under very rough touring conditions.

SIZE.	RETAIL PRICE.
Cover 26 × 2 × 1¾	12/6
Tube 26 × 2 × 1¾	4/-

Long ago motorists proved the comfort of oversize tyres. Now

DUNLOP

offers the same advantage to every cyclist.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., Fort Dunlop, BIRMINGHAM.
Branches throughout the World.

C.F.H. 715

MADE IN ENGLAND

They save your face

MYATT DAYMARK BLADES

3D. 1/3 FOR FIVE 2/6 FOR TEN EACH

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU MYATT DAYMARK RAZOR SET 3/6

Sole Manufacturers:
W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD., ARGENT WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

Supplied under WAR OFFICE CONTRACT to the BRITISH ARMY

Ride a RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

Rigid, Rapid, Reliable

Every part is tested to the utmost so that the Raleigh is delivered to you roadworthy in the fullest sense.
Ride a Raleigh and get to know the real joy of cycling.
Fitted with Brooks saddle and the best of everything, the Raleigh is by far the finest value. Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 20/- extra.

Prices from £5-19-6 cash
or by easy weekly or monthly payments.

Send for "The Book of the Raleigh"
THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LD., NOTTINGHAM
Depots and Agents Everywhere

New Skin In 3 Days Soft, White Smooth

Large Pores, Blackheads and Rough Skin Scales Disappear—Try this

Specialist's Recipe

Thousands have enlarged pores and do not know it. Every enlarged pore is due to irritation. Unless you get rid of skin pore irritation, foreign matter collects, and the consequence is unsightly blackheads, pimples, blotches, sallow darkened colour and coarse rough skin.
Crème Tokalon Skinfood, White Colour, (non-greasy) now contains a marvellous new soft, creamy wax, extracted from flowers, combined with predigested dairy cream and olive oil. It is tonic, astringent and nourishing — penetrates instantly, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away, whitens and softens darkest roughest skin. Keeps the driest skin fresh and delicately moist but not greasy. Equally adapted to take off the shine from an oily skin or sleek, shiny nose.
Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning. If you have wrinkles and sagging facial muscles you should also use Crème Tokalon Skinfood (Rose Colour) at night—it nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep. White, 1/- and 1/6. Rose, 1/3 and 2/-.

Free Trial.—De Luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in popular shades and Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both Day and Night use sent on receipt of 4d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, etc.) Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 570M), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

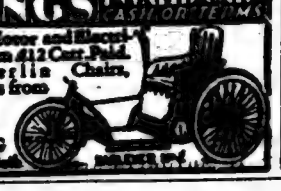
"NOSTROLINE" NOSE COMPETITION RESULT.

1st PRIZE.—Divided between: Mrs. E. Fitcher, 40, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon; Mrs. E. E. Pearson, 51, West Gate Road, Barrow-in-Furness; Mr. Smith, Sea Lane, Ingoldmell, Skegness; Mrs. Hartley, 14, Gaskell Place, Dewsbury Road, Leeds; Mrs. Caroline Dyer, 4, Pembroke Cottages, Gilmore Road, nr. Totton, Hants; Miss M. Osborn, 15, Drummond Road, Itchen, Southampton. 2nd PRIZE.—Divided between: Mr. N. Cuncannon, 47, Church Lane, Whitwick, Leics.; Mrs. F. L. Cleall, 139, Blackmoor, Crewkerne, Somt.; Mr. James Groves, West Street, Harristchaw, Kent. 3rd PRIZE.—Divided between: Mrs. Wainwright, 30, Day Street, Barnsley, Yorks; Mr. H. C. W. Whitehead, 37, Rosemead Avenue, Wembley; Mr. J. Hollyhead, 4, Side Row, Great Preston, Woodlesford, Leeds.
Names in Order of Preference: F, C, H, B, E, D, G, A.
Matthews Laboratories, Ltd., Clifton, Bristol.

GOOD BOOTS & SHOES

THE Graves Footwear Department offers you soundest quality and utmost possible value for money. All sizes of Boots and Shoes for all occasions. We thoroughly understand the wants of all classes of wearers, and know how to combine durability with good appearance and comfort. World's lowest prices. Easy monthly payments. Catalogue and Measure Form free. 50 years reputation for honourable trading.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

HARDINGS INVALID CARS EASY OF TERMS



Head-driven also Motor and Electrically propelled, from £12 Carr. Paid. Bath Chairs, Merlin Chairs, and Folding Chairs from 3/- monthly.
CATALOGUE FREE
R. A. HARDING
19, Lower Bristol Rd., Bath

FROM £3 A WEEK to £5 and commission

after taking the Wallace Attwood Course of Salesmanship

Mr. D. B. . . . was a factory worker before he took the Wallace Attwood Course. Earned in his first year "on the road" £522, in his second year £1,040.

Mr. T. McG . . . before taking the Wallace Attwood Course had a "dead-end" job at £3 a week. A few months later he was earning £2 a week more and commission. He writes: Dec., 1930 : — "Prior to studying your Course I tried unsuccessfully to 'get on the road,' yet on completion my every endeavour was crowned with success."

Why not do likewise? It is a well-proved fact that Salesmanship is one of the biggest and best paid professions of the day. It affords endless opportunities for men of grit, determination and their fair share of intelligence to "get out of the rut" and start upon progressive business careers, which means, of course, financial security and freedom from worry. Hundreds of men "on the road to-day" are earning £400, £500 and even up to £1,000 p.a. as outdoor salesmen (Names, addresses and earnings of typical men are furnished on request), and many of them owe much of their success to the training they received under the personal supervision of Mr. Wallace Attwood. You should consult Mr. Wallace Attwood on your prospects as an Outdoor Salesman

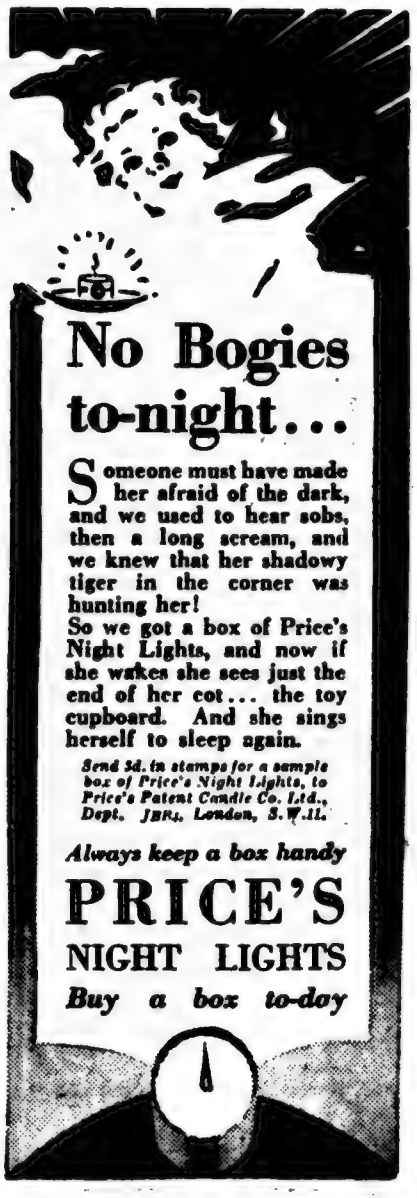
4,000 OPPORTUNITIES EVERY YEAR

Statistics show that every year British Firms engage on an average, 4,000 inexperienced men for posts as outdoor salesmen. Naturally, men trained for the job receive preference. The experiences of the men described above—and there are hundreds more like them—are sufficient to show what tremendous possibilities are offered in Salesmanship.

YOU NEED THIS BOOK

"The Profession of Salesmanship" is an interesting 24-page book which explains the work of selling and the opportunities awaiting the trained salesman—information you should have because it will enable you to decide whether "Salesmanship" is the right career for you. Sent Post Free on request.

The WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE
(Dept. 122), 26, BEDFORD ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.



No Bogies to-night...

Someone must have made her afraid of the dark, and we used to hear sobs, then a long scream, and we knew that her shadowy tiger in the corner was hunting her!
So we got a box of Price's Night Lights, and now if she wakes she sees just the end of her cot... the toy cupboard. And she sings herself to sleep again.

Send 3d. in stamps for a sample box of Price's Night Lights, to Price's Patent Candle Co. Ltd., Dept. JBR1, London, S.W.11.

Always keep a box handy

PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS

Buy a box to-day

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

"I can see a scaffold being erected . . . a hangman's rope"

NIGHTMARE for the WOMAN who DABBLED

A FRIEND of mine, a few weeks ago, persuaded me to accompany her to a hall where a celebrated medium was to be present. She said there would certainly be some striking psychic phenomena, especially relating to future events.

My husband had just started on a new kind of work, and I thought this might be one way of finding out what the future held for us.

My friend suggested that I should take with me some small personal belonging of my husband's, and I chose a pencil that he had used ever since I had known him.

The medium was a young girl, and threepence was charged for each object sent up for "delineation."

It was really very amusing, especially when we knew the person described, and I am bound to admit that the girl was very often right.

But when my pencil was handed up a change came over the medium. She shivered and asked sharply, "Does this belong to a man?"

When I admitted it, she asked, "Has anyone else handled it?" I told her "No," and she looked at me curiously and, as I now know, compassionately.

She then said: "If you do not know anyone who has been in prison you are fated to have that experience very soon. . . . This pencil gives me a strange, *very* strange feeling. . . . I can see a scaffold being erected . . . a hangman's rope."

But I had had enough. I told the girl to hand back the pencil and shut up—at which the audience tittered.

They seemed to think the whole thing a huge joke, but I could not shake it off so easily.

The moment I got home I told my husband and he merely said, "Well; serves you right for going. You asked for it and got it." He was really angry.

So now I do not speak of it, but I cannot get it out of my thoughts.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

Every time I close my eyes I see the hangman.

If I sleep I am awakened by horrible dreams of prisons, and I fancy I hear the rattling of chains.

Please do not think me a weak-minded fool, for I really stand in need of advice.

The necessity of keeping my trouble to myself is making me a nervous wreck, prone to attacks of downright hysteria when I am left by myself.

"HUMANIST" says: Only a downright charlatan would act as you describe this so-called medium to have done; so remember that and put her utterances at their true value.

For the rest, your trouble is mental, and can best be cured by your own mental effort. Take a grip on your common-sense and refuse to entertain any but healthy thoughts.

TO FORGIVE

or not to forgive?

WHEN I was a young girl at home, I always felt myself the Cinderella. My brothers and sisters had new clothes, bicycles and music-lessons, but when I, having a good voice, longed to share in these last, I was told sharply that music was too expensive.

One day, smarting under an intolerable sense of injustice, I confided my troubles to an old neighbour.

She gave me pity and sympathy, but said she thought I ought to know the truth as to why I was so treated.

While still in the earlier years of married life, my father and mother had quarrelled violently and separated.

They had remained separated a year or two, and then came together again; but in the interval I, the youngest, had been born, the child of an illicit love-affair.

Was it any wonder that my presence in the home was the constant reminder to my family of a very dark period? I resolved to get out of it.

The chance came in a proposal of marriage. My lover was an orphan and poor, but we made a tiny home together and neither has ever regretted it.

Years passed, and then suddenly I heard from my mother that she was widowed and all her elder children married. She begged us to give up our home and go to live in hers for company.

We demurred, but at length decided to allow bygones to be bygones, and fell in with the proposal.

We lived with her and kept the home going for nine years, until a big industrial strike cut into our affairs. We, with others, suffered.

The moment mother was affected by this, she ordered us to leave, declaring she was tired of housing us.

In the middle of winter, and less than a fortnight before one of my babies was born, we found ourselves in the street, while mother, in our stead, secured lodgers able to pay good rent.

We suffered much hardship before we were again settled.

But now I hear from mother that she is ill, and unable any longer to look after lodgers.

She wants to come into my home, but we have not much room, and it would be very awkward.

Moreover, my husband is on such short time that I go out to work in order to help. I should have to give up this, although extra money will be needed if I take mother in.

My husband says we have done our share, and that it is the turn of my sisters and brothers, but all they say is "Mother must go to the workhouse." What am I to do?

"HUMANIST" says: Forget the past and remember only that your mother is old and ill. Your brothers will have to contribute if she becomes chargeable to the poor-law, so point out that.

Try to arrange for your mother's shelter elsewhere than in your home. You will not be wise to risk your husband's comfort, nor to give up employment that keeps the home going.

FATE'S FOOL

tampers with suicide

I AM a man of fifty-one, the father of twelve children. Two have died, and four are still at school.

I have lived in one London parish, householder and ratepayer, nearly all my married life, and for thirty years worked as clerk and traveller for a big shipping firm. The firm came to grief as the result of the war.

Then I got a better job, which lasted nearly three years, but this post had to be given up when the original holder returned from active service.

For eight years I vainly walked the streets and visited employment exchanges, all the while growing worse in health and more down at heel.

During this time my home went piecemeal.

My wife is quite incapacitated with bad legs. In awful despair, I attempted to take my life, but was found before my purpose was accomplished. I am completely deaf and now going blind.

For nine months I have scratched some sort of a living by selling matches in the street, and can show receipts from wholesale firms proving that thousands of boxes have been supplied.

The public is kind, and often odd shillings and sixpences have been slipped into my hand for which no matches have been accepted.

For this, last week I was arrested on a charge of begging, and fined 5s., a fact that had to be communicated to me in writing, as I could not hear what the magistrate said.

THIS last indignity has utterly broken my spirit—that I, a once-respected and well-to-do citizen, through sheer ill-luck, should be treated as a felon.

My nerve has gone. I cannot face the streets for fear of the same thing happening again. What on earth am I to do? Or is suicide to be my resource?

"HUMANIST" says: I sympathise profoundly with you, but must point out that there is no need for talk of suicide whilst so many agencies exist for the relief of misfortune.

Your initial mistake, of course, was that you failed to obtain a pedlar's licence.

You say nothing about your six adult children. Surely some of them are in a position to see that their father is not left in such straits that suicide seems to be his only resource.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

A STORY-BOOK *Tragedy*

"We've no clothes"

THE ex-Service man shown in our photo and his wife thought their cup of sorrow full, for unemployment has dogged the man for the last three years.

That has meant constant anxiety to keep the rent paid, and themselves and their three young children clothed and fed.

So hard was the struggle that the weekly pennies to cover the children's insurance could no longer be found.

Then the eldest girl, aged twelve, and her baby brother fell ill. The doctor advised their mother to light a fire in the garret bedroom.

Edna, aged six, who was also in bed, got out to reach a story-book, and in passing the fire her flannelette night-dress was set alight.

Hearing the children's screams, their mother flew to their rescue, and managed to put out the flames, burning her arms and hands.

The little girl died a few days later in the infirmary.

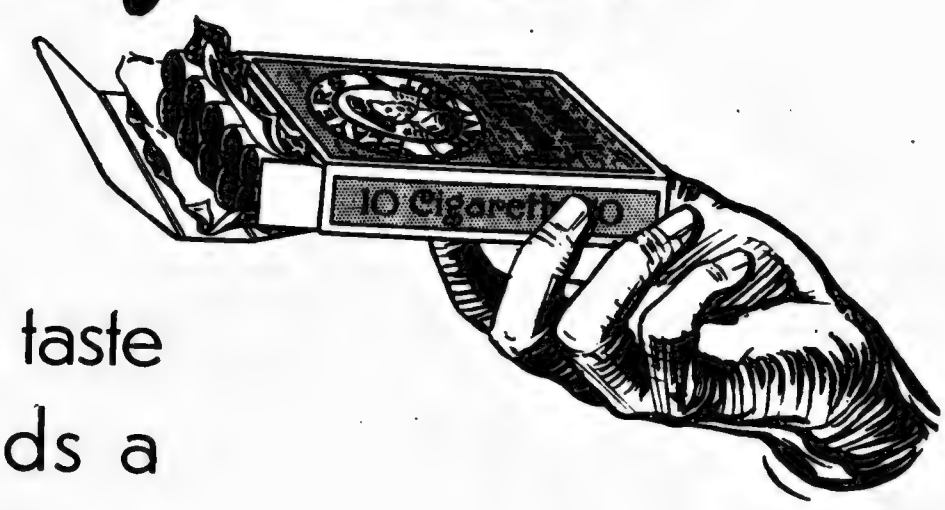
The parents' cup of sorrow is now overflowing. They have lost a loved child, and they don't know how to find the money to bury her.

"We have no clothes much of any description," says the father, "and God knows what we shall wear when we return the clothes we have borrowed to go to the funeral in."

Subscriptions and clothing, whether earmarked for this case or not, should be addressed to: The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions can be seen at our office, and a copy of the current list will be sent on application.

Have one of mine!



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All cods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no ill-effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,

Proprietors of "John Bull."

Our Letter Parliament—

THE fighting services would claim my first attention. The personnel of officers in the Royal Navy is far in excess of requirements, many staff appointments being redundant.

Administrative costs should be reduced relatively to those of pre-war, and the three Services co-ordinated under one Minister of Defence.

Drastic overhauling of unemployment insurance should follow, together with a stoppage of squandermania by educational fanatics.

National Health Insurance should be in the hands of the approved friendly societies.

To economise in time and to expedite national business reduce the number of M.P.s by two-thirds.—*H. J. H., Scotland.*

Save Time—That's Money

Against waste of time, not waste of money, my axe would be wielded.

I should hurry up Royal Commissions, introduce legislation to speed up decisions in trade disputes, and cut short the verbosities of politicians.

Then, men would be able to give their time to useful business; loss of trade could be minimised, and Parliament could get down to the work of expunging from our Statute Book old and provocative laws like the Sunday Observance Act and the Lotteries Act.—*C. S. P., Kent.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, March 17.

The Sports Reform I Want

Eight Point "Caps"

1.—Abolish all perpetual pensions.
2.—Overhaul Government departments, to bring spending to near pre-war level.
3.—Try to readjust our debt to America.
4.—Reduce interest on all war bonds.
5.—Put four-wheel brakes on spending and borrowing powers of all local bodies.
6.—Conscript all royalties on minerals for the State.
7.—Tax land-values.
8.—Scrap Derating Act grants to all firms paying above 7 per cent. dividend.—*T. Williamson, Stoke.*

Rings Untrue

My axe would come down on the War Office for creating unnecessary armaments; on certain municipal bodies for wasting public money; on rings which prevent economic relations between producer and consumer, and on the Civil Service for keeping up redundant positions while the bottom dog is overworked.

The money saved would create work for the unemployed, and establish a commercial "Air Force" to reach the farthest corners of the trade world.—*Kennedy Scott, Staffordshire.*

Too Many Forms

As a schoolmaster who served in a headquarters office during the war, I am convinced that statistical returns are overdone in two services, Education and Army. Doubtless the same can be said of all the services.

It takes seven forms to report a meal under the Feeding of School Children Act. Couldn't thousands of pounds be saved on stationery?

Presiding officers' and poll clerks' fees might be saved at all elections if the granting of the holiday carried with it the condition that head teachers and staffs carried out these duties without expecting any payment.—*T. W. Lamb, Newcastle.*

Lyrical Budgeting

My axe must be trusty and straight, with bright Sheffield steel up-to-date. With my arm strong and true this deed I would do; I would fetch that Great War debt and chop it in two, and get half of it wiped off the slate.

Then my axe I would sharpen once more. Banks and industries I would explore.

And despite all their rages, by gradual stages I'd cut out all profits (taking care to miss wages). This would cause Snowden's spirits to soar.

So please, Mr. Chancellor—all that I "axes"—use profits, cut war debts, and —lighten our taxes.—*R. W. Tuck, Surrey.*

A Limit to Profits

Pass a Bill to limit profits of all manufacturers, middlemen and retailers to a fair percentage, and so reduce the market price of products, with a two-fold result:

Foreign competition would be more easily withstood, and the home consumer would retain a high purchasing power.

This would lead to increased turnover, more work, a freely flowing currency and increased national prosperity.—*J. S. Reid, Glasgow.*

Land Lords

Firstly, I should direct my economy axe at the rents obtained by ground landlords. They are a burden on industry. They should pay an additional income-tax of at least 2s. 6d. in the pound.

Secondly, people who demanded 5 per cent. on the money loaned to the Government during the war would, in future, receive only 3 per cent.

Lastly, I should not exercise economy in dealing with men affected physically or mentally by their service in the front line during the war.—*A. Morris, West Worthing.*

Clean the Slate

Cancel all war debts. The world is trying hard to forget the war; why keep its memory fresh by repeated demands for payment of debts?

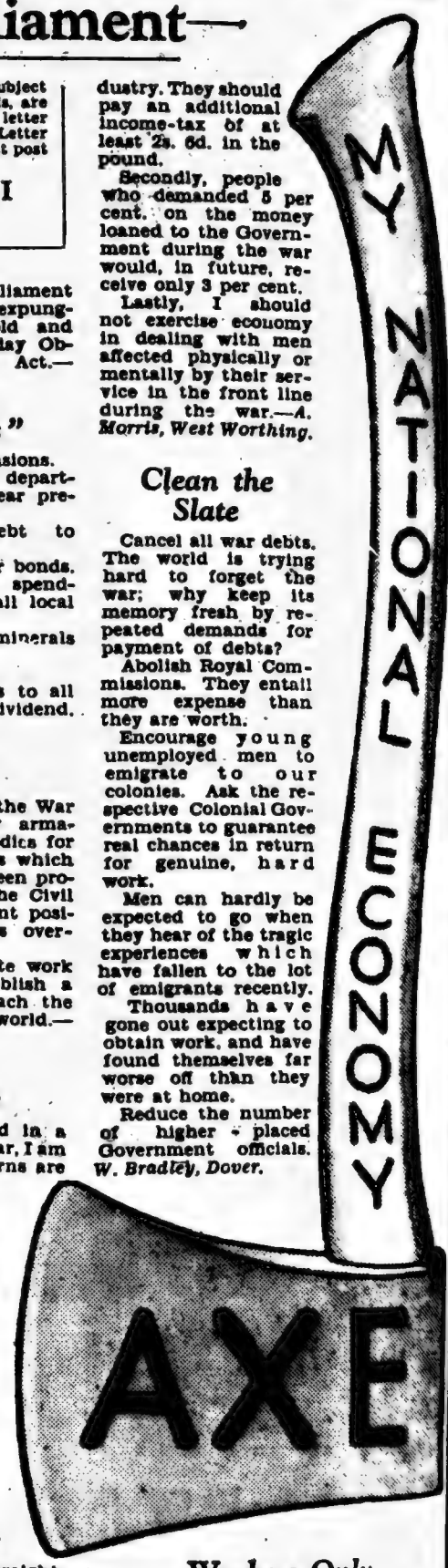
Abolish Royal Commissions. They entail more expense than they are worth.

Encourage young unemployed men to emigrate to our colonies. Ask the respective Colonial Governments to guarantee real chances in return for genuine, hard work.

Men can hardly be expected to go when they hear of the tragic experiences which have fallen to the lot of emigrants recently.

Thousands have gone out expecting to obtain work, and have found themselves far worse off than they were at home.

Reduce the number of higher-placed Government officials.—*W. Bradley, Dover.*



Workers Only

Withdraw all married women from the "dole" unless they have others dependent entirely on them. Also, reduce the benefit to single women.

Cut down the staffs of all national and municipal offices, and make those left do some real work. (I know, for I've been a municipal clerk and have seen them dodging.)

Make co-operative societies pay income-tax like other traders—*C. Walker, Sheffield.*

His Missus Knows

My national economy axe I hand over to the missus, with out-of-work pay to use it on.

She keeps it pretty sharp, too, beginning with me.

Hand the Treasury axe over to her. She'd save the country millions.—*E. B., Nuneaton.*

* * *

I would, firstly, commandeer all the millions lying unclaimed in Chancery and in banks that have been there over twenty-five years.—*H. J. Webb, Essex.*

I would cut down the cost of living by taxing land-values.—*P. H. Durant, Birmingham.*

Remove the red-tape that exists in most Government departments, and save thousands of pounds in paper alone.—*George Rumney, Durham.*

OUR EXPERT NAMES THE BIG TWO

Forecasts for March 14

ENGLISH CUP—SEMI-FINAL.
(1) W.B. Albion v. EVERTON. (At Old Trafford.)
(2) Birmingham v. SUNDERLAND. (At Leeds.)

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) CHELSEA v. Blackburn.
(2) ASTON VILLA v. Arsenal.
(3) BOLTON v. Sheffield U.
(4) HUDDERSFIELD v. Portsmouth.
**(5) WEDNESDAY v. Leeds.
(6) LIVERPOOL v. Derby.
(7) Manchester U. v. LEICESTER.
(8) Middlesbro' v. MANCHESTER C.
(9) NEWCASTLE v. Blackpool.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) FOREST v. Port Vale.
(2) BRADFORD v. Bury.
**(3) BURNLEY v. Barnsley.
(4) Millwall v. Swansea.
*(5) PRESTON v. Charlton.
**(6) READING v. Cardiff.
(7) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bristol C
**(8) STOKE v. Plymouth.
**(9) HOTSPUR v. Bradford C.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).
(1) Exeter v. Watford.
*(2) BRENTFORD v. Norwich.
(3) Brighton v. Notts.
(4) BRISTOL R. v. Fulham
(5) PALACE v. Q. P. Rangers.
(6) GILLINGHAM v. Bosco..be.
(7) LUTON v. Coventry.
(8) Newport v. SWINDON.
*(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Thames.
*(10) SOUTHEND v. Walsall.
(11) TORQUAY v. Orient.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).
(1) Crewe v. LINCOLN.
(2) ACCRINGTON v. Doncaster.
(3) Barrow v. STOCKPORT.
(4) CARLISLE v. Nelson.
*(5) CHESTERFIELD v. N. Brighton.
(6) Rochdale v. Hull.
(7) ROTHERHAM v. Halifax.
(8) SOUTHPORT v. Gateshead.
*(9) TRANMERE v. Wigan.
*(10) WREXHAM v. Hartlepools.
(11) YORK v. Darlington.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
*(1) DUNDEE v. Ayr.
(2) Airdrie v. Partick.
(3) CLYDE v. Hibernian.
(4) COWDENBEATH v. St. Mirren.
(5) Hearts v. CELTIC.
(6) KILMARNOCK v. Aberdeen.
(7) Leith v. MOTHERWELL.
*(8) MORTON v. East Fife.
(9) QUEEN'S PARK v. Hamilton.
*(10) RANGERS v. Falkirk.

WINNERS IN CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—5(H), 7(A); Div. II.—9(H); Southern Section—10(H) would indicate Wednesday, Leicester, Hostpur and Southend.

THE RUGBY INTERNATIONAL

Special facilities for visitors to the International Rugby match between England and France in Paris on Easter Monday have been arranged by the *Sporting Life*.

For an inclusive fee of 65s., you'll have a reserved seat at the match, tours through Paris by motor-car and the services of interpreters. No passports are necessary.

Details from the Editor, *Sporting Life*, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TRUTH ABOUT WIRELESS

Simple facts are often harder to believe than fairy tales, and some people will never believe an article is really good unless they have to pay two or three times too much for it as necessary. Yet even three times too much for it is unnecessary.

THE Graves 'Vulcan' 3-Valve Outfit is the perfect Set for the man who wants the best possible results for the most moderate outlay. It is made under Marconi patents and embodies all the latest improvements. It gives you the National programme in perfection, and a wide range of distant stations. It is the most perfectly reliable set ever produced within several pounds of our price.

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THE 'VULCAN' SET is a handsome full size production cased in polished Oak, and the full size Loud Speaker is to match. The cost of the whole complete set is £7.10.0 and Easy Monthly Payment Terms are granted without extra charge. Send 15/- now and 10/- Monthly. Full Approval in your own home.

WRITE for Illustrated Catalogue free with all particulars of this & other unusual wireless bargains, including All-Mains and Portables.

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HOW TO CORRECT DIGESTIVE DISORDER

When the digestion is disordered, when discomfort or flatulence follow after eating it is usually a sign that you have an 'acid-stomach,' in which your food ferments and forms painful gases. Lasting relief can be obtained only by correcting the acid conditions and for this purpose doctors prescribe a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This quickly ends digestive distress, because it instantly neutralises the excess acid, stops fermentation, and restores normal, healthy digestion. If you are troubled with any form of digestive disorder ask your chemist for a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and let this quick, sure remedy give you lasting relief and comfort.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that cures rupture

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If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

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Did you wake up Coughing?

DID you wake up this morning with your head "all stopped up?" Did you have to cough and blow your nose before you could breathe really freely? That is Catarrh. Slight, perhaps, but with the seeds of danger in it.

This shows where the vapour *ought* to go and *does*.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. From the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs, the stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body.

How to know Catarrh

If you catch one cold after another; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting and an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing and noises in the head. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because it cannot be too strongly urged that catarrh will spread its ill-effects through the whole of your body.

How to get rid of Catarrh

As you will realise, Catarrh rapidly becomes so firmly rooted in the inflamed membranes of all the minute passages and channels that the reason is evident why all the so-called remedies fail to shift it or even to relieve it. Sprays and ointments cannot reach more than the outer parts, while such things as pills cannot possibly affect the passages of throat and nose. The only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected.

Fortunately there is one remedy, composed of medicinal herbs, which is unfailingly effective in penetrating to every affected part.

This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES are carried by the act of smoking into every nook and cranny of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time reaching every part that, could possibly be affected.

How to prove it FREE

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., get a packet at any chemist to-day, or just send a postcard or the coupon below and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES for you to try.

FREE PACKET

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Please send by post your Trial Package, containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

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SMART FROCK of Wool Crepe. Box pleated skirt. Belt all round finished with buckle. Latest style frill of same Wool Crepe material, giving Bolero effect, also smart sleeves finished with frill. Colours of Navy, Lido, Brown, Wine, Bottle Green and Black. Price 19/11. Send length, bust measurement and colour required. **19/11**

G.R. FROCK of fine Wool Crepe. Inset vest front of contrasting colour. Box-pleated skirt to give slimming effect. Belt all round finished with buckle. Colours of Navy, Black, Wine, Green and Brown, the latest shades. Sizes—Lengths 42 in. and 44 in. and Hips 46 in. and 48 in., 19/11. Lengths 46 in. and Hips 50 in., 2/6 extra. Send length, bust measurement and colour required. **19/11**

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Sufferers say there is nothing so good as Man Zan for any case of Piles. Ends maddening irritation at once. Easy to apply, it soothes and heals quickly. Persevere—Man Zan will end YOUR trouble for good. In tubes, 3/-, fitted with special applicator, from all chemists, or direct (in plain wrapper) from manufacturers on receipt of P.O. Free sample sent on application to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. A.15), Croydon.

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Are you a Martyr to Asthma or Bronchitis?

Martyrdom is the only word for your suffering—the paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation, tightness across the chest and frantic struggles for breath. Adopt the same remedy used by Mrs. S., of Brighton, who writes:—"I have been a martyr to Asthma for thirteen years and previous to using Potter's Asthma Cure could not go to bed, being obliged to sit up in a chair. Now I go to bed comfortably." Potter's Asthma Cure is just as good for Catarrh, Croup, Whooping Cough and other similar troubles.

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Relief from the distressing symptoms of Asthma and Bronchitis is a good thing, but the prevention of attacks is even better, and our booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?" tells you how. It is full of useful and practical information, as to what you should and should not do. It refers to food, mealtimes, digestion and other matters of interest and importance. This booklet is sent free with the Free Trial.

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If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

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I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture, and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

Name .....

Address .....

"John Bull." PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

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Letters have been pouring in from women praising Carbosil; they tell us that Carbosil does all—and more than—we claim. Grease, the worst part of dish-washing, has been banished for ever—and with it the dread of hands made sore and red by harsh soda.

Simply stir a heaped teaspoonful of Carbosil into a bowl of hot water. Then plunge in the dirty things and start washing. No matter what grease was on them, it is instantly put out of action by Carbosil. You cannot feel it in the water, or on the hands or tea-towel. Carbosil dissolves it quickly and completely. And think, a twopenny packet of Carbosil contains a whole month's supply!

CARBOSIL

2D. per pkt.

dissolves grease

Use Carbosil also for washing greasy cloths

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Boots, Taylors and chemists obtain to order.

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HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.

Chas. H. Roby

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Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed.

Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD, Ltd.,

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Stylish, comfortable SUITS in all the most attractive Cloths, to measure at 45/- 56/- and 63/- Small Deposit and Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for Good Tailoring, Good Style, Good Fit and Good Quality. Spring and Summer Patterns now ready and Post Free, with simple self measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. G GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

See John Bull's "Shop Window" & Small Ads on Pages 2 & 3

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 36.

Write to "John Bull" About It!

E. H. (Ardingley).—"Is it easy to write a short story?" Easier than to sell it.

DOCTOR (Manchester).—"I am writing this just to kill time." Haven't you any patients left?

D. S. (Banff).—"What would you like my next letter to be about?" About ten to twelve words.

E. E. (Colindale).—"I can't get my husband to take an interest in the garden." Why not start spring-cleaning?

A. E. (Chorley).—"I told him just what I think of him." So he's on the telephone, eh?

E. C. (Bury).—"There is a wrong side to every question." We know—the other fellow's!

F. N. (Grimsby).—"I do not like the head of my new hunter." But, no doubt, you will soon get over that?

C. N. (Burnley).—"My neighbours moved just as I was beginning to get friendly with them." That explains itself.

M. B. (London, W.).—"I am convinced that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives." Then you have never lived in a village.

A. P. (Willesden).—"I have learnt to skate." In how many sittings?

M. G. (Lynton).—"What could be more boring than last week's wireless programmes?" Next week's.

F. D. (Bideford).—"We think as we dress." A certain dramatist must think out his plots in his bath.

D. W. (Hampstead).—"Certain musical notes prevent sleep." So do certain promissory notes.

T. R. (Prescot).—"In Hollywood film actresses always seem to marry in haste." And repent at leisure.

G. McC. (Aberdeen).—"I took my girl out the other night and spent ten shillings." Was that all she had?

P. M. (Devonport).—"Twenty-five is a nice age for a girl." Especially if she is thirty-five.

M. O. (Crewe).—"I never speak unless I know." We suggest you apply the rule to writing also.

W. H. (Bexhill).—"I have left my job, owing to a disagreement." Not between the books and the cash, we trust.

A. L. (Balham).—"My wife and I have both got rheumatism." It's stiff luck having a joint complaint like that.

C. H. (Bushey).—"I want a job in which I'm paid what I'm worth." Wouldn't you prefer a salary?

CRITIC (London, W.).—"Some elocutionists recite like squeaking dolls." Many elocutionists, however, will recite even if they aren't pressed at all.

MISS D. B. (Edinburgh).—"Those who sing to the sick are very kind." Not half so kind as those who refrain from singing to the sick.

GEORGE M. (Glasgow).—"The world will end sometime in April." Why didn't you tell us sooner? We've booked our seats for Wimbledon.

MOTORIST (Amersham).—"I have been through practically every street in London." Looking for somewhere to park your car?

P. M. (Clacton).—"I am a conjuror and would like to come and show you some of my tricks." First of all we would ask you to vanish.

C. M. (Yeovil).—"There are 13,000,000 wireless sets in the U.S." Gangsters are gloomy. So many people stay by their firesides and refuse to come out and be shot.

THE EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

J. T. (Buxton).—"He has supported the whole family for years with a smile on his face." Like this?

A. N. (Carlisle).—"What should I do to have soft, white hands?" Nothing.

N. G. (Liverpool).—"He has made six wills in the last ten years." A fresh-heir fiend.

C. B. (Wanstead).—"I would be better off in New Zealand." But would New Zealand?

O. B. (Chorley).—"I can speak six languages and my wife can speak three." That seems to be about the right handicap.

A. G. (Tenby).—"It's easier to see a king than an editor." But it's still far too easy to write to an editor.

C. B. (St. Albans).—"Finland's new President is Pehr Evino Svinhufvud." This doesn't sound much of an improvement!

SHOPKEEPER (Edgware Road).—"My trade is sure to improve in the summer." What do you sell, fur coats?

DOCTOR (Luton).—"Should my son turn out a fool I'll make him a journalist." Evidently your father wasn't of the same mind.

H. T. (Bowes Park).—"I have just paid my local rates." Thousands envy you.

V. R. L. (S.W.5).—"The average Londoner doesn't miss much." Just a few dozen trains and 'buses daily!

R. P. (Polesworth).—"Beer bottlers are generally well paid." So they should be for such an unnatural job.

E. R. (London, S.).—"Three husbands in this street have run away." What are the wild wives saying?

D. K. (Rochester).—"Lots of people ring my doorbell and then run away." Are you a dentist?

R. J. (Newmarket).—"The tote has made remarkable strides." So have bookmakers, when necessary.

BERT (Hoxton).—"If you was me, wood you lern French or German?" English!

F. K. (Retford).—"I have a collection of foreign coins to dispose of." So has many an automatic-machine proprietor.

D. N. (Peckham).—"It is said that the next war will be with insects." But it will be no picnic.

R. M. (Goole).—"There is an awful lot of poetry written in the spring." Yes, that describes it well.

G. N. (Shepperton).—"I wish to know a way of getting to work early each morning." You should get your daughter to call you when she comes in.

G. K. (Sutton).—"The burglar left a bent jemmy in the pantry." Perhaps he had tried to break into a tin of sardines.

R. P. (Faversham).—"I am sending you my latest photograph, but I don't think it does me justice." It's mercy, not justice, you want.

J. F. (Taplow).—"Did I tell you in my last letter that I had become an actor?" No, you only mentioned that you had gone on the stage.

N. H. (Dudley).—"My house was burgled three times during the last fortnight." Burglars are evidently feeling the effects of the house shortage.

B. P. (Norwich).—"The Costa Rica army consists entirely of a military band." We do not know how good the band is, but we notice that nobody is invading Costa Rica these days.

KARL (Baden-Baden).—"The sausage to Germany is what the beef-steak is to England." Is it as tough as all that?

F. K. (Liverpool).—"A stowaway found in a ship here consumed 4 lb. of meat and 3 lb. of potatoes at a sitting." Stow away is good!

C. K. (London, W.C.).—"Publicity agents will have to think of new stunts to keep actresses before the public." What about *finding* a string of pearls?

G. S. (Bath).—"Explosives must not be sent through the post." But the income-tax people often send bombshells that way.

C. A. (London, N.).—"I rang up my wife from a telephone-box and it cost me 1s. 4d." You must have been listening a long time.

ARCHIE (Blackpool).—"She is a nice girl, but very shallow." All the same, she seems to have got you out of your depth.

R. D. (Torquay).—"The old-fashioned wife did not know how to kiss her husband." The modern wife doesn't want to.

L. F. (Frome).—"A farmer recently left each of his four sons a black sheep." We thought black sheep were usually left out of a will.

M. R. (Exmouth).—"A woman should see that her complexion is in order for the spring." Of course, you mean *on* order.

S. K. (Esher).—"A scientist says the earth will be two degrees cooler in 16,000,000 years." Be in time and send for the plumber now.

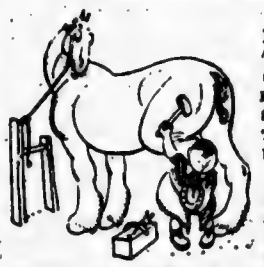
A. M. C. (Leicester).—"One of my mates boasts that he once shook hands with the Prince of Wales." Never mind—you can walk away with a King this week—the King of *Bullets* Prizes on pages 42 and 43.

P. M. (Finchley).—"American society ladies carry a small piece of ice to cool their hands before a handshake." But the frozen glance is still given without artificial aid.

(Many replies unavoidably held over).

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."



DAILY EXPRESS:—"Blacksmith (TWENTY-ONE), married, wishes situation, FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE."

CLECKHEATON AND SPENBOROUGH GUARDIAN:—"They had a choir which for reverence and the way they sang the services was second to NINE in the neighbourhood."

STRAND MAGAZINE:—"Sterling saw her with his EARS climbing the embankment."

HOME COMPANION:—"The swiftness with which Joyce withdrew her arm from his touch brought an unpleasant FROWN FROM Fu San's LIPS."

FRONTIER STORIES:—"He listened. After a long pause he heard what he thought was a FOOTBALL."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"A win in the fourth Test match, which begins at Johannesburg on SUBBER."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"The chief attraction of some of the clubs is the fact that intoxicants can be obtained during NON-PROHIBITED hours."

ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY PRESS:—"Gentleman wishes VOICE TUNED."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"Maid, ABLE TO COOK FOR LONDON."

ROMFORD RECORDER:—"To let, TABLE with loft; with all conveniences; self-contained."

If the Zest has gone out of Life

If you feel worn-out, depressed, too weary to enjoy the fun of life, *start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' brand tablets to-day!* Soon you will find a new joy in living.

Clinical tests have established that a course of 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets *revitalizes the whole human organism.* It reinvigorates the blood, fills every body cell with new vital energy, fortifies the heart and increases all physical and vital forces, *irrespective of age!*

Of particular importance to those over forty is that a course of 'Phyllosan' brand tablets restores the elasticity of hardening arteries, thereby preventing and reducing high blood pressure.

'Phyllosan' brand tablets are prepared under the direction of Dr. E. Buergi, Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne. They contain NO deleterious drugs, NO animal extracts, form no harmful habit, cause no digestive disturbance, and have no unpleasant after-effects.

Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. So simple, but we believe the results will astonish you. Get a 5/- bottle. It contains double quantity and is therefore more economical.

The Practitioner says: "Clinical experiments show that 'Phyllosan' brand tablets bring about an increase of physical and vital forces."

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN'

Brand of chlorophyll tablets. Regd.

TO-DAY!

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, and increase all your Vital Forces—*irrespective of age!*

All Chemists, 3/- & 5/- (double quantity)

'PHYLLOSAN' is the brand of chlorophyll tablets prepared under the direction of E. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

Send Coupon

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FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD. (Sole Distributors) (Dept. 47) 66 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1

Please send me a free copy of the book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World," describing Dr. Buergi's researches and the remarkable results obtained with 'Phyllosan' brand tablets.

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ADDRESS.....

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Use unsealed envelope, with ½d. stamp. J.B.14/3/31

"Issued by National Chemicals, Ltd.," London

WORN OUT AT FORTY-FIVE.

"I feel worn out and fit for nothing." That is the cry of many women of middle age who have let the cares of life exhaust their blood, leaving them tired and worn. Women are prone to neglect their health; all their anxiety is for other people. They become middle-aged and suffer in the process—merely because their blood is exhausted.

Not so the woman who preserves her youth as long as she can. She does not cause anxiety to those who love her by being ill, or by always having a backache or a pain in her side. Her blood is in good order, rich and red; she never has a headache, and is always cheerful and active.

The vitality and youthfulness that abundance of good blood gives can all be yours if you like. For to make rich red blood you have only to take Dr. Williams' pink pills; you will soon feel the new blood tingling in your veins; your backache will go; your appetite will improve; you will be happy yourself, and give happiness to others.

So begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now; you will be surprised at the increased vitality and new zest for life they will give you. All chemists sell these pills, 3s.0d. box; but ask for Dr. Williams'.

FREE.—"Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that all women of middle age should read. Write to C. F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, for free copy.

GRAVES

FASHIONABLE

SPRING STYLES

EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashions which includes the newest ideas for the Wardrobe—Coats, Costumes, Frocks, and Hats for all occasions designed and made in the best style, and offered at the keenest bargain prices and on Easy Monthly Terms

We have 30 years reputation for honourable trading.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

We issue a complete range of Patterns. In your own interest you should write now, stating the style of garment you are interested in and samples of the actual materials will be sent you by return, together with simple self-measurement Form and all necessary information; also Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Stylish Furs, etc., at Bargain Prices and on Easy Monthly Payment Terms.

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Its cost, cause and cure" describes a simple regimen which prevents and permanently banishes colds coughs, influenza, etc.

The Author, by practising the regimen, has been cough, cold and 'flu-free for nine years. From bookstalls or booksellers, or post free 1/- from the Author: Wilfrid Hill, "Halwarpe," Droitwich.

Leaves the skin smooth and white. Satisfactory results guaranteed or money refunded. 1/6 and 3/-.

'JOHN BULL'S' HUGE X-WORD FIRST!

£1000

AN EXTRA £100 FOR RUNNERS UP

ONE Thousand Pounds must be won in "John Bull's" X-word Contest. In addition to this staggering first prize—£100 is offered for runners up. A few words and a few moments—and this huge sum may be yours. Don't wait a moment—enter for the contest on the coupons below.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution of one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 106. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one Sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), March 19th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 26th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 2nd.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully. Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 106), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, March 19th.
Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. /—and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £1,000 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 2nd. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £1,000 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, April 7th, after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only, and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £100 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

CUT HERE

'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 106

Entry Form "A."

JB 106 *Do not separate these forms.*

Entry Form "B."

JB 106

CUT HERE CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. .....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date, Thursday (noon), March 19th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut out the above Form complete.

Clues Across.

1. OLD-FASHIONED NECKTIE.
4. SEEN AT WINTER SPORTS.
6. A LIGHT KNOCK.
7. SEEN ON THE QUAY-SIDE.
10. LARGE MONKEY.
12. GRIEF.
14. "THE ——— WE ARE TOGETHER.
16. SNAKE.
18. HELPS WITH HOSPITAL'S WORK.
20. EGG OF VERMIN.
21. THIS HOLDS SOMETHING IN PLACE.
22. WHAT FORTUNE-TELLER PREDICTS.
23. GLOBE.
25. OPPOSITE OF DAM.
27. RIVIERA DOES TO MANY.
30. NOTHING.
32. WHEN CANDIDATE BECOMES M.P.
35. THE OCEAN.
37. DO THIS TO YOUR ENVELOPE.
38. THERE ARE SEVEN IN A WEEK.
39. A STORY.
40. OFTEN WORRIES TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBER.

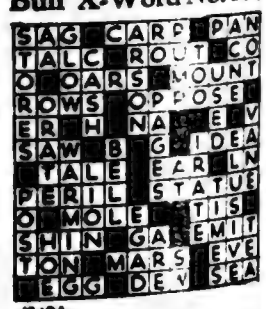
Clues Down.

1. PRESSED TOGETHER.
2. NOT TOGETHER.
3. HIGH CARD.
4. MAY CAUSE YOU LOSS OF SLEEP.
5. RETAIN.
8. REVERENTIAL FEAR.
9. OFTEN USED IN PREPARING FOOD.
11. FIVE —— CENT. – ANNUM.
13. JOINS.
15. FERTILE SPOT IN DESERT.
16. DELIBERATE SLIGHT.
17. SUPERIOR PAINTS.
19. MONSTER IN FAIRY TALES.
23. ANCIENTS CONSULTED, FOR GUIDANCE.
24. SIDE OF LIFE TO LOOK ON.
26. PERFECT.
28. BIRD SEEKS TRUTH FOR.
29. ELEPHANT PROVIDES THIS.
31. INTERRUPTS SPORT WHEN IT FALLS.
33. MEADOW.
34. CEREAL.
36. SLIPPERY FISH.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (the additional word used in compiling the puzzle.

Winners in X-Word No. 103 appear on Page 16.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 104



JB 104.

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 104 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom the £1,000 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the £1,000 be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY—

TWO BIG X-WORD PRIZES NEXT WEEK

The MAN in the Background

Let "John Bull" protect your Home and Family.

HAS it ever occurred to you that a spark is sufficient to set your home ablaze?

"JOHN BULL" is the *only* Paper to cover the contents of your home against Fire, and the *only* Paper that offers to make good damage to household goods caused by STORM or FLOOD. In addition, if SICKNESS should unfortunately come your way, or if your children should be injured, "JOHN BULL" is ready with generous compensation.

Are you a Registered Reader, or are you jeopardising your Home?

If you have not yet signed the registration forms, do so at once and you will then be covered by the most practical and comprehensive scheme of fire insurance ever offered.

Some of the wonderful and practical benefits offered:

FIRE—Up to £400.

ACCIDENTS IN THE HOME AND GARDEN—Up to £200.

DAMAGE BY STORM AND FLOOD—Up to £300.

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING —Up to £300.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS—£3.

SICKNESS BENEFITS—£5 5. (*Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever, Anthrax, and Tetanus*).

BOATING AND BATHING ACCIDENTS—Up to £500.

GAS EXPLOSIONS, etc.—Up to £100.

OVER 62,000 CHEQUES HAVE ALREADY BEEN PAID.

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JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 14/3/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 14/3/31

JOHN BULL'S SENSATIONAL GIFT

One Shilling
Gift Voucher
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler 5/- Pen (guaranteed for five years). Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen. Available until March 31
1/-

HAD YOURS YET?

Cut out Voucher opposite, value One Shilling. Post at once together with postal order for 4/- plus 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance (4/6in all). You will then receive:—

(1) A 5/- "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14-carat gold nib;

(2) A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil; and

(3) A 24-carat Gold-plated Gillette Blade of the latest pattern.

Above engraved in gold on Pen 6d. extra. Make P.O. payable to "John Bull" Pens (4/6 in all).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

There's a Gold mine on your Doorstep!

DO you realise that at this very moment there is the huge sum of £50,000 waiting to be won in Newspaper Competitions—a veritable gold mine right on your doorstep, so to speak? What a wonderful opportunity to get rich, to put an end once and for all to your financial troubles! Remember, every penny of that £50,000 must be won by somebody, and that that "somebody" might easily be YOU. This very copy of "JOHN BULL" in your hands carries particulars of the record—

£4,500 OFFER FOR BULLETS

This week's issue contains hints and solutions for the following:

£15,00 "Daily Herald" Radio Ballot.

£4,500 "John Bull" Bullets.

£3,000 "Answers" Picture Puzzle.

£2,000 "Empire News" Picture Puzzle.

£1,750 "Sunday Pictorial" Picture Puzzles.

£1,000 "People" Crossword

£1,000 "News of the World" Crossword.

£1,000 "People" Picture Puzzle.

£1,000 "Sunday Dispatch" Picture Puzzle and Crossword

£1,000 "John Bull" Crossword

£500 "Daily Mirror" Picture Puzzle

and over 40 other current competitions which must be won.

In the current issue of "THE LEADER" you will find the examples examined and analysed by a well-known literary expert who has already helped thousands of his readers to win substantial prizes in this particular competition. You will also find that recent winning lines are reviewed and criticised in order to show you why they caught the judge's eye and brought substantial prizes to their senders. Readers of "THE LEADER" have already won over £11,000 in literary competitions this year! Over half a million enthusiastic competitors are guided by the valuable advice and solutions which are given in every issue of—

The Leader

THE RECOGNISED AUTHORITY ON ALL COMPETITION MATTERS

It does not matter which competition you enter—Picture Puzzle, Crossword, Literary, Ballot or Fashion, you will find solutions in this week's splendid 32-page issue; whilst in many cases you are also provided with further squares and coupons which you may use for sending in your entries. No other competition-solving paper sells anywhere near as many copies every week. If you want to win your share of the magnificent prizes which are now waiting to be won, you can't do better than follow the example of the prize-winners! THEY know that—

The Leader

32 LARGE PAGES

Solves Every Competition Problem!

ON SALE TO-DAY Your Newsagent has a copy for you! **2d**

PENSION, CASH AND CAR OR £2,000

CHOOSE WHICH PRIZE YOU PREFER!

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE and £2,000 and £259 MOTOR CAR

SWIFT of COVENTRY, LTD. are supplying this luxurious "Paladin" model—you can inspect one at a local motor show-room. Easy to drive, cheap to run, a joy to own, and **YOU CAN WIN IT!**

RECORD PRIZE WHICH YOU CAN WIN!

THE biggest moment in the long history of *Bullets* has arrived. Here is the King of Prizes!

For a few simple words, JOHN BULL now offers you a three-fold First of £5 weekly for Life, £2,000 cash, and a £259 Motor-car. If you prefer a lump sum, you can choose instead a staggering fortune of £4,500.

Picture the scene in your household on Friday, April 10, if the Competition Editor's telegram announces you the winner of this mighty prize! A Paisley carpenter now holds the *Bullets* Record with a 4,000 Guineas success, but you can eclipse him in this contest.

Remember, too, that only in *Bullets* can you find so lengthy a list of prizes for the runners-up—in this sensational contest as many as 1,174 cash awards must be won.

After reading the instructions on the next page, study the winners adjoining. Then spend an amusing half-hour this evening with *Bullets* and make sure that your entry is posted to reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, March 28.

£852 10s. CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION No. 793

Mr. L. E. Chivers, Kingsholm, Gloucester.
Example:—KEEPING CHEERFUL
Bullet:—OUR "SOLEMN" DUTY, NOWADAYS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. E. Heaton, 40, Lilac Grove Street, Bradford.
Example:—Rack and Ruin
Bullet:—Blackmailer's Victim Suffers Both.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. B. C. Wilkinson, 45, North Park Street, Dewsbury.
Example:—Unless A Miracle Happens
Bullet:—"Lame" Politicians Will "Walk."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

W. E. EVANS, Nether Kellet, Carnforth.
Wistfully—Grandma Takes Firelight "Census."

J. GENNER, Littleburn Colliery, Langley Moor, Co. Durham.
When Proposing—To Save—Don't Propose.

Mrs. A. M. GRIFFIN, 28, Binsey Lane, Oxford.
Deadly Combination — "Reduced To—" "Perfect, Modom!"

E. L. JENKINS, 2, Cator Street, Peckham, London, S.E.
Not Too Bad—Government's *Excuse* Department, Anyway.

A. MacINNES, 8, Dudley Drive, Glasgow.
When Nothing's Left — Will Within Will Out.

W. A. PACKHAM, 20, Connaught Road, Aldershot.
Man With A Conscience—For Sale, Dangerous "Customer."

M. PAITON, Hawnby, Helmsley, York.
Keeping Cheerful—Unemployed Reading—"Millionaire's Suicide."

S. H. SMITH, 100, Shrivenham Road, Swindon, Wilts.
Selfish Husband—Eventually—"I'd Give Anything—"

W. WHITESIDE, 15, Romney Street, Nelson, Lancs.
Wistfully—Mosquito Watches Roadmender's Drill.

W. WOLFE, 2, Corunna Place, Leith
Man With A Conscience—Our Grocer—Presented Balloon!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH

J. BROOK, The Direct Carpet Co., Silver Street, Doncaster.
Bribery — "Secures Ends" — Increases "Knots."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

J. CASEY, 10, Booth Street, Hr. Openshaw, Manchester.
When Proposing—His "Confusion" *Helps* "Understanding."

H. FLETCHER, 14, Princess Street, Lees, Oldham.
Once She Starts—Slamming Door—"Castle" Crumbles.

S. HARE, 56, Ashdon Road, Saffron Walden, Essex.
Hot On The Scent — Clairvoyant—After Several Guesses!

J. HUMPHREY, 5, Knight Street, Halifax, Yorks.
On Life's Racecourse—Remember—Parents "Know Something."

J. McKIRDY, 3, Ferguson Place, Craigmore, Rothesay, N.B.
Cutting The Price — Russia Sharpens Timber "Wedge."

J. H. MAXFIELD, 12, Stephen Hill Road, Crosspool, Sheffield.
Man With A Conscience—Built Bridges—Without, Houses.

C. J. MOON, 58, Park Avenue, Nuneaton.
Subject to Alteration—Tramp Says "Nice Doggie!"

E. B. WARD, 223, Eaves Lane, Chorley, Lancs.
Father's Duty — Providing Boots — And Slipper.

Mrs. D. YATES, 5, Ralph Street, Bolton.
Good Companion—Wireless, But "Talks" Overmuch.

In accordance with our published announcement, each of the above winners will receive an additional cash Bonus of £5.

A list of 50 10/- and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

I INSPECT THE "BULLETS" MACHINE

NO—this machine does not judge "Bullets"! It merely opens envelopes swiftly and surely, saving precious seconds so that the judges may work at leisure

by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS, *Chief of "John Bull's" Investigation Dept.*

I SUPPOSE a great many of my readers must wonder how the *Bullets* Department functions so smoothly week by week, dealing with entries without the slightest suggestion of a hitch.

I must confess that I have entertained some curiosity myself on this score, and having just concluded a little personal tour of inspection, it occurs to me that my impressions will not be without interest for others.

If I were asked to say what spirit keeps the wheels of the *Bullets* machine running smoothly, I should say "The spirit of enthusiasm": it is apparent on every hand.

Nothing that can possibly enhance efficiency is omitted, and from the moment an entry arrives it is dealt with in a thoroughly businesslike manner.

To save every precious second, so that the work of the judges shall not be hurried, envelopes are opened by an ingenious automatic machine, which deals with them at an almost incredible speed.

Lightning fingers then remove the contents and with a minimum of delay the entries come before the adjudication department.

I have been introduced to the men who examine your efforts, and they form a cheery group of experienced journalists and competition experts who give the same conscientious consideration to every entry they handle.

FRANKLY, I had pictured scenes of feverish activity; but it was explained to me that the work is so organised that each adjudicator knows exactly how many coupons he is expected to pass judgment on in a day.

He is thus able to spare the extra time required where coupons are difficult to decipher or where the *Bullet* happens to be particularly obscure.

Always he bears in mind that each coupon may possibly yield the best *Bullet* ever written, so haste would be fatal.

My curiosity at this stage prompted me to ask for details of the process of selection. I was shown how all efforts showing merit were carefully put on one side, to be reviewed by the adjudicator on the following day.

HE then narrows down his selections, singling out the best for inclusion in the day's discussion. The balance he hands to a colleague, and this second judge also selects some to come up for discussion.

These judges, I was particularly interested to learn, are only responsible for picking out meritorious entries; they have no part in the actual allocation of prizes.

They merely commend efforts for some award, and even that decision must be confirmed by other judges before the *Bullets* receive prizes.

[Sir Wyndham will conclude his tour-talk next week.]

FORTUNE FOR A FEW WORDS!

KING OF 'BULLETS' PRIZES!

£4,510

2ND PRIZE £200	3RD PRIZE £50 4TH PRIZE £25	10 OF £5 10 OF £2·10 50 OF £1 100 OF 10/- 1,000 OF 2/6 12,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

HOW TO CAPTURE A FORTUNE!

READ carefully the *Examples* below and concentrate on those which suggest some comment to your mind. Next, experiment in phrasing your ideas in various ways until you have conveyed your meaning in telling fashion.

Each *Bullet* you enter on the coupons below must consist of any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment added to one of the *Examples*.

Here is a specimen. Suppose you choose the *Example* CONJURER SNOWDEN, the added words MAKING TAXPAYER "PRODUCE HANDKERCHIEF" would complete a typical *Bullet*.

• • •

LET us help you with *Bullets Bulletin*, our free weekly guide to success. Specimen copy post free—or send 6d. P.O. for postage on 12 weekly issues. Address your Application to *Bulletin* Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 10, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 797

WORLD WE DREAM OF	ALREADY	POCKET YOUR PRIDE AND
BRITAIN'S BALANCE	DO GOOD TO ANYBODY	GROWLING
THE NEXT QUESTION	INTO THE UNKNOWN	SERVICE TO HUMANITY
CHANCELLOR SNOWDEN	WHAT MOTHER DOES	THE SENSES
ROAR IN THE HOUSE	IN THE LION'S DEN	WHAT I BELIEVE IN
AIR IN THE WORKSHOP	FIRST HOME	FEARS
BOY OF A BOTHER	MACGREGOR'S MARVELLOUS	ON LIFE'S CHESS-BOARD
INDUSTRY'S GARDEN	OUT	AN OUTCAST
FOR MR. TAXPAYER	IMMEDIATELY	THINKING OF THE FUTURE
ATE WAS KIND AND	EVERYBODY LISTENS WHEN	STAGGERING
TORISTS	GEORGE SPEAKS	SUPER, THE RASCAL
ER I GET A JOB	EVENTUALLY	FOR SOME
POVERTY'S PRISON	WISE COUNSEL	HEARD EVERYWHERE
EFORE THE PUBLIC	LOVING WIFE	

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 28
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(797) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 28
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(797) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 28
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(797) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" Rules

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Examples for "Bullets" No. 798

(Not for use in current contest—Competitors should note that no further lists of Advance "Examples" will appear in "John Bull." These, however, will be published exclusively in our free "Bullets" Bulletin every Thursday.)

Charlie Chaplin — From The Country"—Wagging Tongues—Slipped His Memory—It's British, So—Constantly—Girl With A Smile—Looks Easy—Means Business—Off Duty—Going Down—Inconceivable—Doesn't Count—All She Lives For—Heaven Knows—Taking No Risks—Warm-hearted Public—No More—Forces Of Nature—Congratulating Himself—Dangerous Experiment—Trying To Help—Makes Life Unbearable—Always Remember—Chasing Wealth—It's Easy To Laugh, But—Judging By The Row—Load Of Mischief—After Dark—Round And Round—Doesn't Appear—Those Who Pass By.

Closing Saturday, April 4.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 792 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. G. Hunter, 4, Blackett Street, Jarrow-on-Tyne.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the four chief prizes in Competition No. 797 usually purchase "John Bull."

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 28
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(797) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 28
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(797) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 28
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(797) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s.

Signed _____
Address _____

ADDRESS ENTRY AS FOLLOWS: "Bullets" No. 797, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

SPARE-TIME £££'s

For Enterprising Men!

Start a Profitable Business with THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY

Mr. D. A. Adana, the Inventor.

Supply the Big **WEEKLY** Demand for Printed Material in **YOUR OWN** District and make **LARGE PROFITS** in your **SPARE TIME.** The Possibilities are **ENORMOUS**—the Market **HUGE.** In small villages and large towns all over the country golden opportunities are going begging—simply waiting for Enterprising Men to take advantage of them. Tradesmen, Cinema Proprietors, Dance and Concert Organisers, etc., etc., all **MUST** have a regular supply of Printed Material from Week to Week. With the aid of my Wonder Working "Adana" Printing Machine **YOU** could easily produce this! So interesting and wonderfully fascinating is the work that it is just like a pleasant hobby.

Special Easy Payment Terms

BY SMALL INSTALMENTS!

THE MARVELLOUS "ADANA" ALL-STEEL SUPER 1931 MODEL AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING PRINTING MACHINE.

Solid and Speedy Impression Control, Double Pressed Steel Type Bed, Heavy Pressed Steel Platen. Especially designed for Commercial Use in All Large and Small Printing Establishments. Makes Printing Simplicity Itself even to Absolute Beginners.

45/-

Read How Others MAKE MONEY!

Only 15 Years Old but Earns 30/- per week!

Dear Sirs,—Please accept my heartiest congratulations, for your machine is wonderful. I first took it up as a hobby—but now I am making an average of 30/- per week, which is very good I think for a 15-year-old.

D. E. S. (Liverpool).

"I Am Making A Nice Little Sum."

I received your plant. *It is a "little wonder" machine* and prints beautifully clear. *I have already done 3 big jobs and I am making a nice little sum.* It will print as good as a professional printer can. *I have three orders* for letterheads *waiting now.* (C. H.)

"I Can Think of No Better Investment."

I have no hesitation in saying that, for simplicity, completeness and accuracy at the price *I can think of no better investment* and in my case it will *save its cost in a month.* I have had no experience previously with printing, but owing to the freedom from complicated parts and adjustments *I am already able to turn out what I need immediately with the plant supplied.* (A. R.)

A Golden Key to Money-Making.

I received your printing machine quite safely, and was more than delighted with same. I consider it *a machine that is capable of turning out first class work. It should also prove a golden help to the man or woman who is only blessed with a very small amount of this world's riches.* (H. S.)

"I Printed 500 Handbills."

I must say I think the Adana machine is *wonderful value for money and extremely simple to work.* As soon as I had set up the type *I printed 500 handbills* without a single misprint: *I might say I had never done any printing before.* (R. C.)

A Marvellous Bargain.

I have one of your outfits, and I must say for the money it is a Marvellous Bargain. I have printed some 20,000 visiting cards on it and it is as good as new still. The work is exceptionally High Class, and many people have been astonished when I tell them that I do my printing myself. In fact one person did not believe me at first and it was only after I had actually printed something for him that he believed me. When I tell them the machine only cost 45/- he nearly [illegible] you every success and recommend it to every small printer I meet.—G. E. T. (Norfolk).

If you own a business, **SAVE MONEY** by doing your own Printing! Produce your own Leaflets, Circulars, Note Headings, etc., and put the Printers' Profit into your own Pocket! Fully Illustrated Instruction Book included Free. No Previous Experience is necessary. Even Schoolboys can produce their School Magazines with the utmost ease! Many men, knowing nothing about Printing, who started with a 45/- "Adana" now own Profitable businesses. Why not YOU? My Epoch-making Machine (as Illustrated) will print anything from a

CHEMIST'S LABEL to a MAGAZINE

Printing has been described as "One of the World's Most Lucrative Professions," and here is **YOUR** chance to step in and get a share of the Profits!

SEND the Coupon Below **AT ONCE** for Full Free Particulars, Samples of Actual Work Produced and Details of **My Special offer of Easy Payment Terms by Small Instalments.** Don't Hesitate—let me tell you all about this Wonderful Money-Making "Adana" Machine! Post Coupon **WITHOUT DELAY** to:—

D. A. ADANA
(Dept. J.21), 17, Church St., Twickenham, Middlesex.

START MAKING MONEY NOW!

POST THIS COUPON AT ONCE

FREE COUPON

To Mr. D. A. ADANA (Dept. J.21), 17, Church Street, Twickenham, Middlesex.

Dear Sir,—Please send me at once Full Particulars of Money-Making Opportunities with the Adana Printing Machine together with Samples of Actual Work Produced and details of your Easy Payment Terms.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Cut along dotted line. T.C.B.

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